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THE SPHERE

Vol. CLXIX No. 2210 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC MAY 30 1942

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SYMBOLS OF ENDURANCE

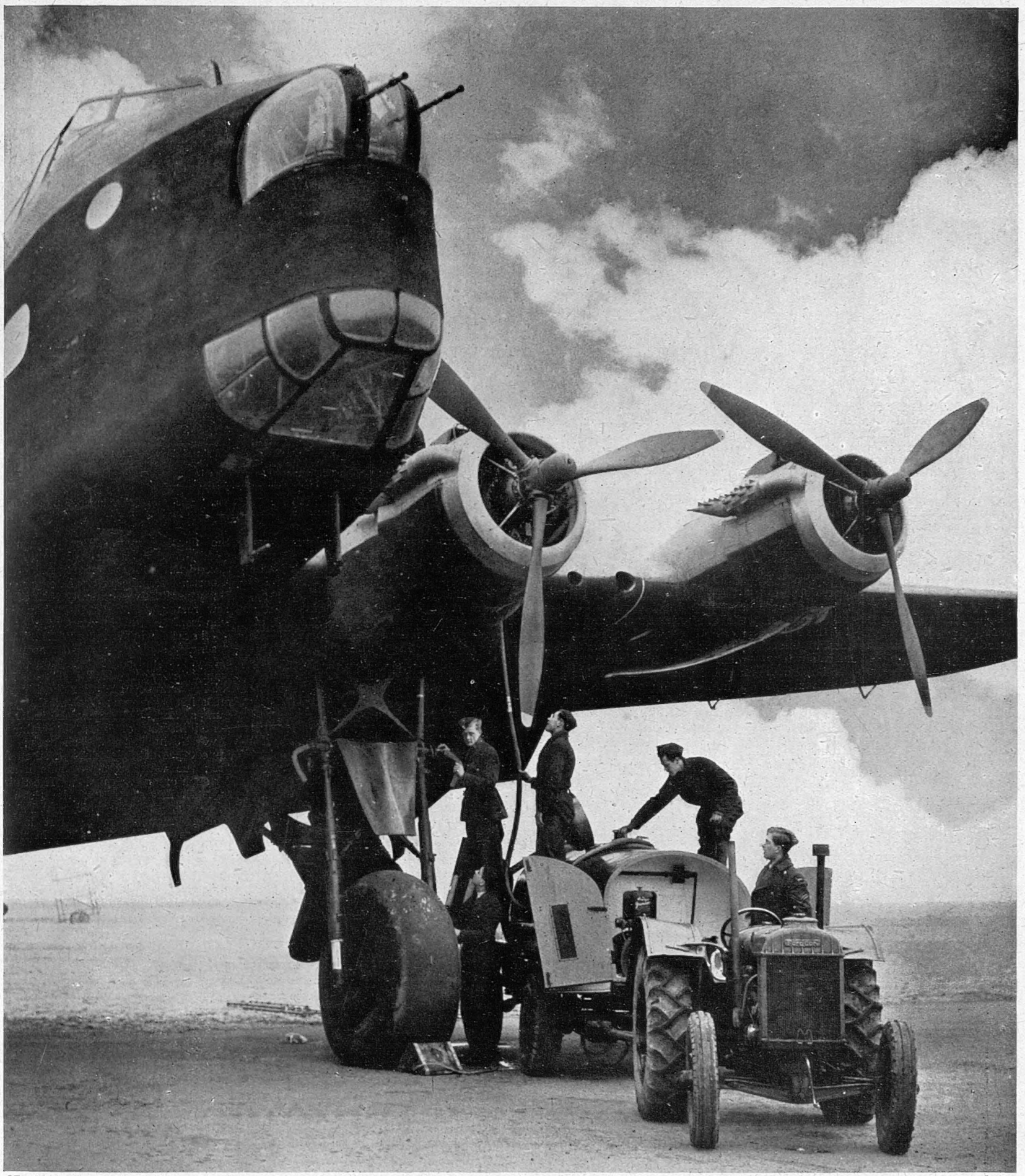
Volume CLXIX No. 2210

The SPHERE, London, May 30, 1942

THE SPHERE

*With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"*

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly



**STRIKING POWER: A NEW PICTURE WHICH GIVES AN IDEA OF THE SIZE OF THE HUGE FOUR-ENGINED STIRLING BOMBERS OF THE R.A.F. which are now forming the spearhead of our bombing offensive of Germany by night**

"If I could send 1,000 bombers to Germany every night, it would end the war by the autumn," said Air Marshal A. T. Harris, Chief of Bomber Command, a few days ago. "If I could send 20,000 bombers to Germany to-night, Germany would not be in the war to-morrow!" These figures—which a few months ago would have been regarded as fantastic—are no longer quite so improbable. Disclosures in connection with our own, and United States', production of aircraft go to show that very soon now our offensive by night over enemy territory will be overwhelming. America alone is planning the manufacture of planes at the rate of 60,000 a year before the end of 1942. Over Mannheim last week one detachment of Stirlings alone dropped more than 40,000 incendiary bombs: it is doubtful whether even Germany will be able to withstand attack upon this scale when once raids become a *nightly* performance! The Stirling, of which more and more are daily coming into service, is Britain's first four-engined bomber and is the largest in the world. The bomb-load it carries is greater than anything known hitherto. With this giant in the spearhead of the British attack, the bombing of Germany will become ever grimmer with the passing weeks. When the above picture was taken the Stirling was being serviced in readiness for still another offensive flight

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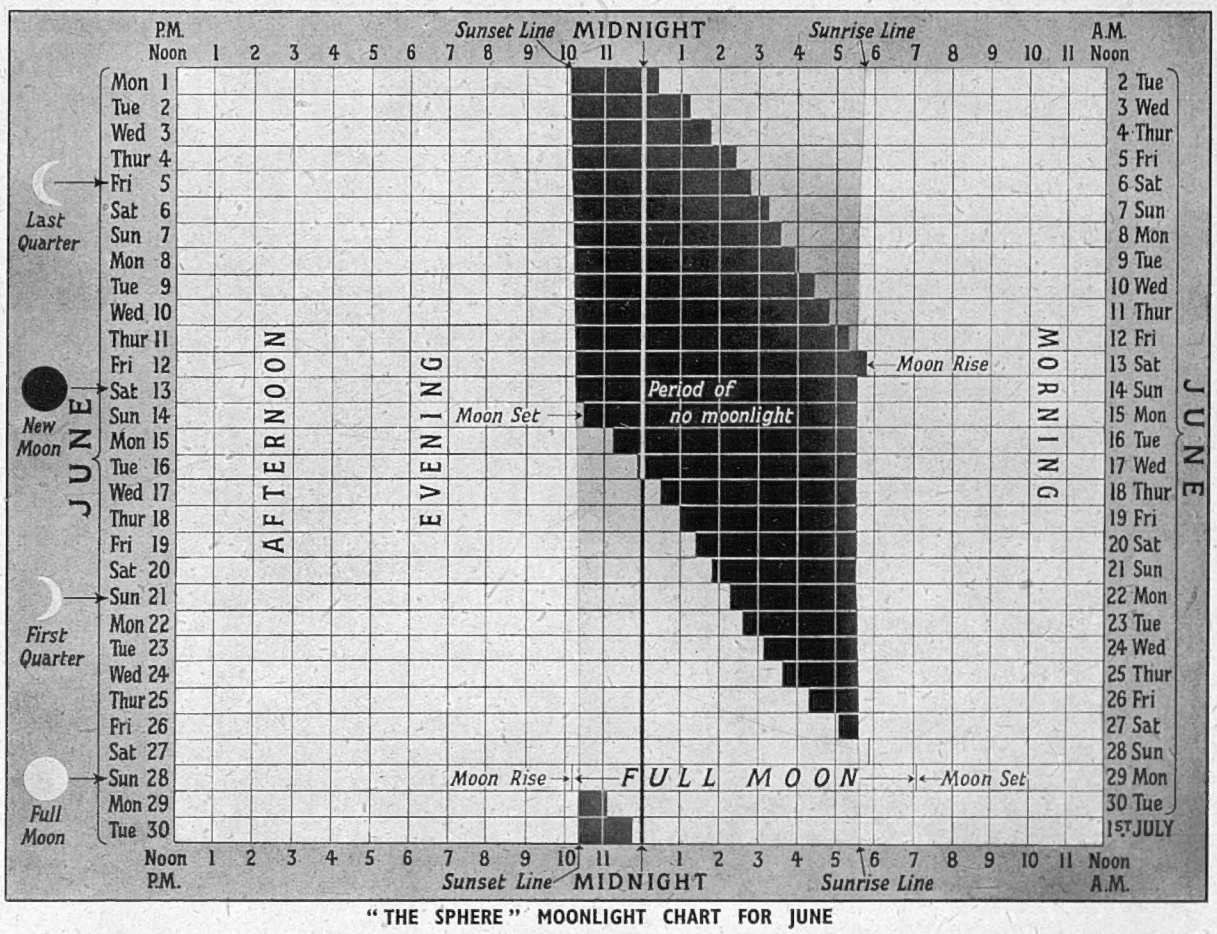
# A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 143

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

**A New Note of Confidence.**—Usually when changes of opinion alter our view of war, those changes filter into our consciousness from a hundred sources, and very gradually. They are more like links in a chain of circumstantial evidence than a single and damning piece of direct evidence. But not always. The collapse of France was a single piece of weighty direct evidence which completely altered in an hour our verdict in 1940. To-day, by many links in a circumstantial chain, we are forming a new life-line (or outlook) on the war. A note of new optimism is generally discernible and we naturally hope, since it is fostered by authoritative pointers, that it won't be scored out by a nasty setback and condemned from on high as more "foolish wishful thinking." Among those links have been Mr. Churchill's most recent speeches, the *comparatively* slow progress of Hitler's Crimea "blitz," the quite important successes of the Kharkov thrust, evidence of eye-witnesses out of Germany and occupied territories, and pointers and information which men in this country gather (and keep to themselves) in their own corners of Britain; and, above all, America's recent decision to scrap planning for 1943 output and to concentrate on 1942 output. It all points to a new outlook by the Allied powers-that-be—an opinion swinging round to accept Russia's confident belief that there are grounds for banking on 1942 and not on 1943. It does not imply any belief that 1942 will usher in peace. It is no more than a general acceptance (if as much) by the Allied leaders that, given maximum effort and maximum co-operation in strategy in 1942, this year may at least deal such a blow to Hitler's war machine that the breaking-up of it may be made easier and more likely in 1943, *both from within and from without.* I won't call our new confidence wishful thinking. I believe its bottom rests on concrete, and I am forced to conclude that our leaders believe it, too.

**Air- and Sea-Power.**—The spirited little action fought in the air off the north coast of Africa early in May must encourage all those responsible in this island for successful resistance to invasion. Thirteen Nazi carrier-planes and two fighters were destroyed for the loss of one British plane; and, unless the circumstances were exceptional, it is difficult to resist the view that carrier-planes are barndoor fowls for our falcons, trained in the latest technique. I have just been rereading *Sea-Power*, by "T.124." That anonymous upholder of the principle that sea-power should still come first in all our military policy in defence or attack, and should still dominate every aspect of our military, as of our economic, planning, would have fastened on this superb proof of what air-power can, and *cannot*, do. For in his argument, there was just one weak, still untested link—the alteration, since 1940, if any, in the air factor *vis-à-vis* the principle that dominant sea-power can deal with the invasion of this island. "T.124" found that Dunkirk had proved that dominant Nazi air-power was not potent to prevent our Navy from carrying on its lawful occasions in the narrow seas, though it could seriously damage and hamper it. That dominance in the air is now removed. The North African incident gives confident proof that even the air-borne bridgehead troops would have to number 300,000 at least to secure safe landfalls for 75,000 Nazis in Britain. And that calculation, on the author's argument, proves the venture to be not practical military sense, on the assumption that there remained 500,000 Regulars in Britain behind 1,000,000 Home Guards, and that the Fleet could still deal with the sea-borne troops and their vast mass of essential supplies. It is a point which our "blue-water school" must clearly take note of, and it is a point which cannot fail to interest a humble Home Guardsman who is no strategist or critic of our Government's strategy.




**"THE SPHERE" MOONLIGHT CHART FOR JUNE**

During the first week the sky will be lit by the rays of the waning moon during the early morning hours with the last-quarter stage being visible during the small hours of Saturday, the 6th. The short nights then become gradually darker with the new moon on the night of Saturday, the 13th. On the shortest night of the year, Sunday the 21st, the waxing moon will have reached its first-quarter stage and a week afterwards the full moon will be visible in the sky, rising just before sunset and setting more than an hour after sunrise

*A limited number of these charts will be supplied free of charge on application to the Publisher, "The Sphere," Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, W.C.1, but 2½d. in stamps must be enclosed with the application*

**By-election Footnote.**—CANDIDATE (*to sparse village audience*): I am proud to come before you as National *Conservative* candidate for your famous division. I stand for Mr. Churchill and his Government and for the vigorous prosecution of the war to a successful conclusion. *Nothing else matters.* There are people who think they can back Mr. Churchill without wholeheartedly backing his Government. *That is impossible.* Rugby and Wallasey have given to our brave boys overseas and to the watching world an occasion to doubt whether Britain is sound at heart. I have a personal letter from Mr. Churchill [reads it]. I confidently ask your support. QUESTIONER: In your opinion, have Rugby and Wallasey given proof that Britain is not sound at heart? CANDIDATE: No; they gave our soldiers outside Britain, etc., a chance to doubt whether Britain be sound at heart. QUESTIONER: Rugby and Wallasey are, then, sound at heart, but logically unsound (and the same, apparently, may be said of our soldiers serving abroad)? Another point: "Nothing else matters." That is a reasonable enough view for you to put forward if you canvass our votes only for the duration. Do you propose to stand again at the General Election following the war? CANDIDATE: I hope to do so. QUESTIONER: Then surely problems of reconstruction affecting this division are now vitally relevant when we are choosing our candidate. The life of Parliaments (like marriage) in these days is sometimes a very long trick indeed. We are still as regards social services under eighteenth-century conditions hereabouts. These matters, and many other matters of more immediate local urgency, are highly relevant *now*, and affect our choice to-day. CANDIDATE: If Hitler wins, there will be no reconstruction, no improved living conditions. QUESTIONER: Why, then, are some of the best brains in the country serving the Government on reconstruction problems *now*? [Exit candidate with a rush and his mandate formally and politely and patriotically conceded.] *Footnote.*—And, indeed, is not the Government's candidate in war by-elections in an "Easy Street" which amounts to *Farce*? He comes to us wearing a halo stamped "W.C." with the legend "Engaged" (or *Noli me tangere*). We may not test his local knowledge of our problems, his qualifications, his politics. And, once elected, he may be very hard to dislodge. Party labels have ceased to mean anything at all, and the procedure and practices which secured his nomination by a local party committee are to-day in our minds rotten, outworn, objectionable and condemned. And finally we have a Parliament which ceased to represent the country's political opinions (save broadly as regards winning the war) several years ago.

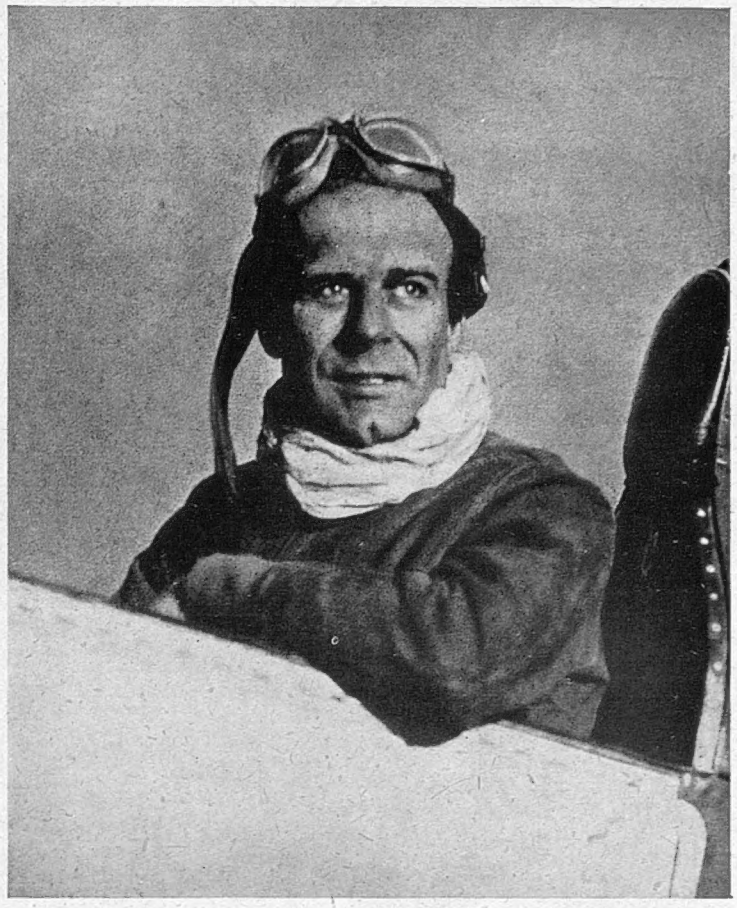
**The Spirit of Bath.**—Accounts from friends in Bath tell me this cheerful fact: those *Baedeker* raids were another of Hitler's flops. There is method even in a lout's lunacy, and Hitler hoped to achieve something. His dark and frightened and muddled mind still visualised—despite three years of proofs to the contrary—that he could frighten his enemies into abandoning those activities which most embarrass the Reich. He acted with a madman's method as well as with a madman's blind rage. And nothing to his advantage resulted. He got from it new proofs of Britain's determination and organisation, new proofs that his own people doubt and dread his bestial impulses, a new realisation that he is branded personally as the mad pariah of the human race. A flop in its psychological reactions, as complete as the Russian gamble. The City of Bath has lost a grievous percentage of its graceful monuments, the common heritage of the cultured world. The Spirit of Bath shines as bright and eternal as ever. The Beau is proven the fighting man. Roof gangs of middle-aged men worked nobly and saved whole blocks of lovely residential squares. Recklessness of danger cost many useful lives, notably that of the new rector of Bath's largest parish, who *would* stand in the doorway of his hotel at the height of the "blitz." The basement shelters afforded reasonable safety. Some lessons passed on to me from a "roof-gangster" include these: the importance of regular checking-up on stirrup pumps; the labelling of pumps and buckets with indelible pencil instead of ink; the value of a whistle in basement shelters; the importance of attic tours to smell for fire; the value of an electric heater for such emergencies. No. The Spirit of Bath has nothing of the Beau in it. It is the spirit of the British fighting man at bay. That is the heirloom that matters; the heirloom the Lout cannot destroy.

**Only Four Years Ago.**—"Come to sunshine and warmth by the world's most luxurious cruising liner. June 25 for thirteen days from 22 guineas, visiting Northern Capitals, Hamburg, Kiel Canal, Zoppot (for Danzig). Mediterranean Cruises: June 3; July 9: Naples, Dubrovnik, Athens. *N.B.—A most cordial welcome at all Italian Ports assured by the Italian authorities.*" Well! Perhaps more surprising than inviting to-day! How this half-sheet of *The Times* escaped our salvage net I dare not think. On closer inspection, I see it is dated *May* 20, 1938. Only four years ago! The rest of the half-page is devoted to dinners and debutante dances. "The reception rooms were decorated with azaleas, tiger lilies, tulips and iris in shades of flame colour, red roses being used for the ballroom." Oh! ortolans, oh! champagne, oh! asparagus-in-aspic, only four years ago! One more feature: *Wills and bequests*: "Sir ——— ———, M.R.C.P., who left £59,000 (n.p. £57,123) stated his desire to be cremated, as the foundation of his fortune had grown from the seeds of illness contracted by relatives and friends standing in inclement weather round graves." What luxury, what security, what common sense—only four years ago!

THE OLD STAGER

# THE CHANGE in the MEDITERRANEAN COMMAND

**THE VICTOR OF TARANTO AND MATAPAN BACK IN LONDON :** Admiral Sir Andrew Cunningham, fifty-nine years of age, Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean Fleet since June 1939, is shortly to go to Washington as head of the British Admiralty delegation in succession to Admiral Sir Charles Little : he is now in London, where this picture (with Captain Dick, R.N., on right) was taken a few days ago. Admiral Cunningham was the man who wrought the great victories at Taranto and Matapan, who has kept the Mediterranean open throughout the campaigns in Libya and who has kept the island of Malta supplied through nearly two years of siege



**THE MAN WHO BOMBED TOKYO—Brigadier-General James Doolittle :** Aged forty-five years, General Doolittle is now revealed as the ace peacetime pilot who led the stirring raid on Japan. He was the first to fly across the United States in less than 24 hours ; in 1931 he did the same flight in 11 hours ; and in 1925 he won the Schneider Trophy for America. He has now been decorated by President Roosevelt with the Congressional Medal of Honour (America's Victoria Cross) for his latest feat. General Doolittle revealed that one salvo of his bombs scored a direct hit on either a new cruiser or battleship under construction in Tokyo's navy yard. It was left in flames. An important aircraft factory was also strewn with incendiaries during the raid

**THE NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN THE MEDITERRANEAN :** Rear-Admiral Sir Henry Harwood, fifty-four years of age, who succeeds Sir Andrew Cunningham and who has been given the acting rank of Admiral. He has already arrived at Alexandria to take up his new responsibilities. Admiral Harwood commanded the squadron which defeated the German pocket-battleship *Graf Spee* at the Battle of the River Plate : his tactics on that occasion caused naval experts to declare that a new tactician had arisen in the Royal Navy ! A year later, Sir Henry Harwood was appointed a Lord Commissioner of the Admiralty and an Assistant Chief of the Naval Staff

**THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY on the bridge of an American battleship :** After the disaster at Pearl Harbour, Admiral Ernest J. King was put at the head of the U.S. Navy, with supreme command over all three Fleets. Previously he had been in command of the Atlantic naval forces, including the air squadrons then patrolling the western portion of the Atlantic. Admiral King is himself an airman of experience and proud of his accomplishments in this field. He is also Chief of Naval Operations, holding supreme command under President Roosevelt and the Secretary of the U.S. Navy, Colonel Frank Knox

# The PARIS of TO-DAY

## A Once-Proud City Which Now Lies Under the Heel of the Conqueror

*New and Intimate Glimpses of Life in a Subdued Capital*

For almost two years now Paris has been in the occupation of the enemy. From time to time we have been allowed glimpses of what life under the Germans has meant to that once-gay city, but very few pictures have been allowed to emerge—and then only those which have shown conditions in a favourable light.

The series published on these two pages have now reached us via America. It must be remembered that, grim and unsmiling as some of them are, they still do not show all the canker that has now eaten into the heart of that great city which was once known as the "City of Light"

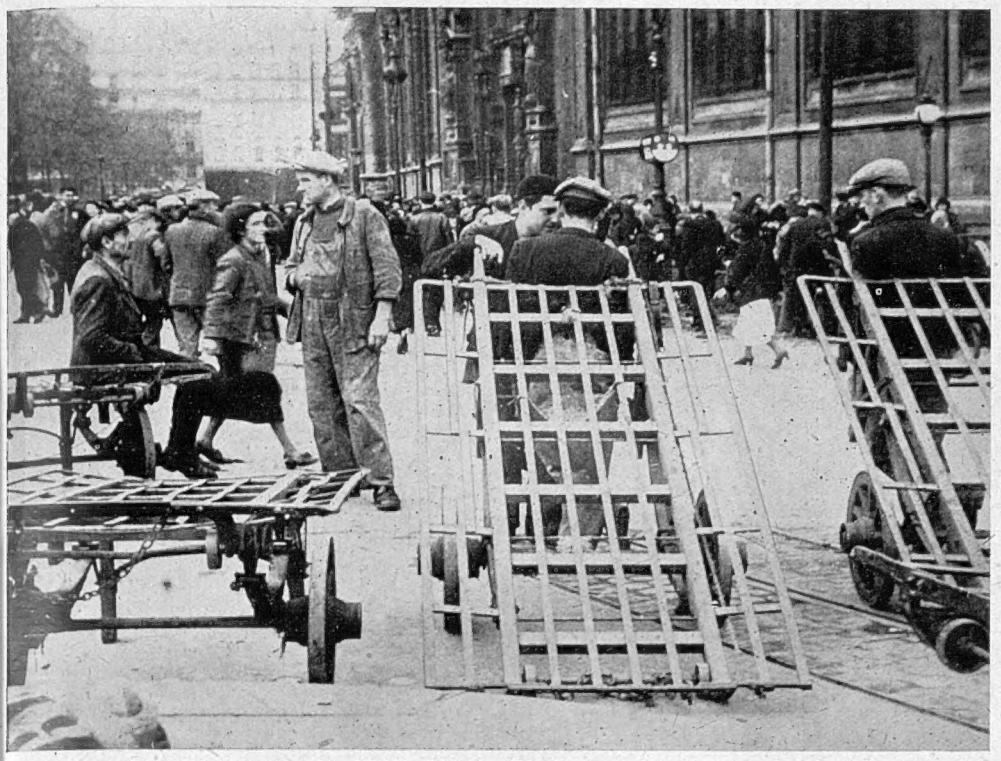
**THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE, MAY 1942: No private motor-cars visible anywhere at this spot, which once was the focus of Paris. In the right background are a few German military lorries: elsewhere are only bicycles and a hansom-cab. Poverty of the French population and the scarcity of petrol are responsible**

**AFTER A RIOT IN PARIS: A jeweller's shop window with its plate glass missing—smashed during one of the many outbreaks by which the populace express their disgust at German repressive measures in the French capital**

**THE PLACE DE L'OPERA, one of the world's most famous squares, where once the motor traffic was so dense that crossing the road was a dangerous risk! Apart from German military cars, the roadway is now deserted, and the chairs outside the Café de la Paix (on the left) are empty. Not even the autobus functions at this heart of Paris!**

**PARIS HAS ALWAYS BEEN FAMOUS FOR ITS MANY NEWSPAPER KIOSKS: All along the big Boulevards magazines from all over the world were displayed. To-day the kiosks are still full, but they display only German illustrated journals and a few Paris dailies which purvey German propaganda to the few citizens who still buy them**

**NATURALLY, THE GERMANS HAVE TAKEN POSSESSION OF THE BEST BRITISH PREMISES for their own purposes. This building was occupied formerly by the Paris branch of Lloyds Bank: to-day it is used by a German bank, and proudly displays the Swastika above its entrance**

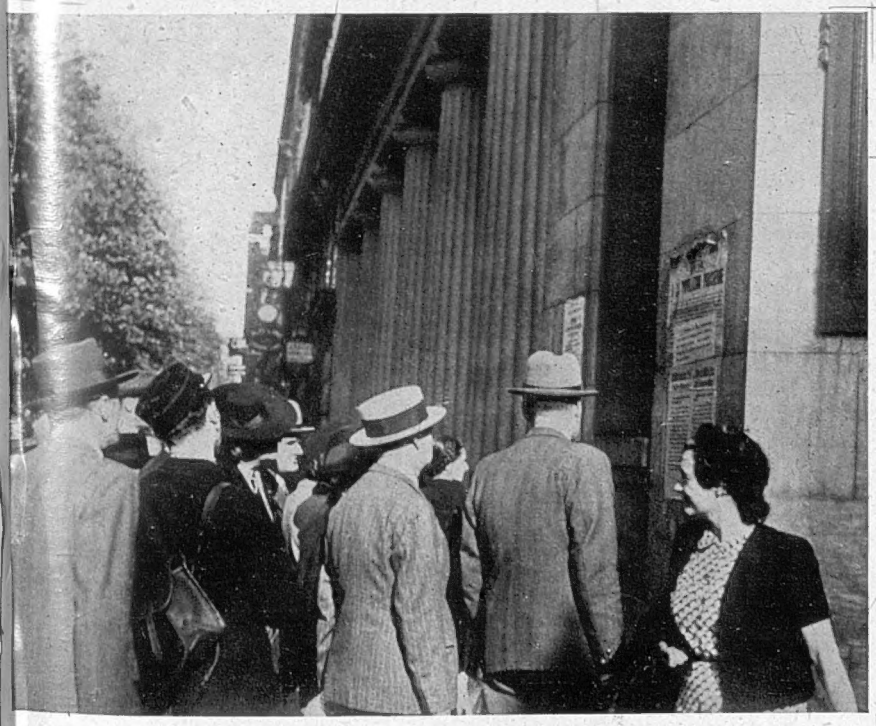


IN LES HALLES, THE COVENT GARDEN OF PARIS: Empty barrows and idle porters show that even vegetables and garden produce—once so plentiful in the capital—are now no longer available. When this picture was taken crowds of Parisians had been waiting for some time to invade the market in the hope of picking up a few stray potatoes or other unwanted produce

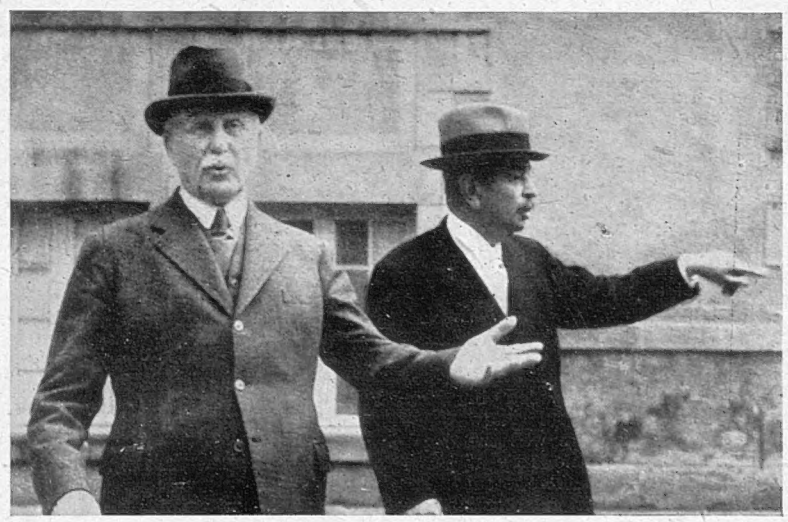
AN IDLE PARIS PORTER, in Les Halles, with no work to do and consequently few earnings to look forward to. Traditionally, this man is of the class which has provided Paris with its rebels and Communists in the past

PARIS STILL REGARDS ITSELF AS THE CENTRE OF FASHION, and many of the famous couturières are still carrying on—but with reduced staffs. Their chief customers are now Germans: neither England nor the United States bother much to-day with what "Paris says . . ."

A QUEUE OF PARIS HOUSEWIVES AT A DAIRY being told that there is nothing left after they have been waiting for a long time outside. The shop window still exhibits tins—but they are empty: the milkman carries away the empties—they always were empty, and were only placed there by order of the Germans to give the impression of plenty. When full, the milk-churns are delivered to the big hotels where German officers and soldiers (of "the Army of Occupation") are quartered



A GROUP OF PARISIANS, who used to read witty and sarcastic election posters on the walls and buildings, now crowd round the Nazi official posters which announce the previous day's executions of French patriots and hostages



TAILPIECE—The old and weary Marshal Pétain seems to be asking, "What more can I do?" whilst Chief Quisling Laval characteristically indicates that he is telling you! This picture was taken during a recent gathering at the Pavillon Sévigné at Vichy

**MARTINIQUE, in the West Indies, the neutralisation of which is now being pressed by the United States. This highly strategic spot in the West Indies is 49 miles long by 13 miles wide: St. Pierre, formerly the chief commercial centre, was destroyed by the eruption of Mont Pelé in 1902; Fort de France, capital since 1680, is now the chief commercial town**

# TRANSITION DAYS IN FRANCE'S EMPIRE

*Second Largest in the World, the French Colonial Empire is Now Being Thoroughly Shaken Up Owing to the Vichy Policy of Collaboration with the Germans*

By FERDINAND TUOHY

PERHAPS it is as well that not more than two or three millions at most of the 60,000,000 populating the French Colonial Empire, the second largest in the world, are sitting up and taking notice, since no empire in history has been subjected to such a conflict of loyalties and drags, lures and promises, threats and bogys. Perhaps a million French citizens of European origin are in North Africa. It is doubtful if more than half a million others are to be found in the remainder of the Empire. Roughly 58,000,000 are native-born, and their crops are of more importance to 95 per cent. than Laval, Hitler, Roosevelt, Mussolini, Churchill, Franco and Tojo combined.

The pretty tale that Bismarck put Thiers on to the idea of overseas expansion in order to get the French thinking of something else than lost Alsace-Lorraine has sometimes led to the impression that the present Empire was born after 1870. It would be more accurate to say that Marshal Bugeaud's capture of Algiers in 1830 set things in motion, while under Louis-Philippe and the Second Empire, moves were made in such varying directions as Dakar and Madagascar, Martinique and the Levant.

Under present buffetings it is easy to denigrate the French Empire, yet at the time of the Paris Exhibition, five years ago, no British words of praise were too high. One was told in print, by speech and on the air how the French had succeeded in putting up a wonderful show whose proudest feature was the mixing with, and the respect shown, the native. The local inhabitants saw their customs and even their architecture respected. Faults there were, of course, and the two chief ones were undoubtedly over-exploitation by banking consortiums, and the determination of French colonists to finish their days in France. Too many suggested being "in it" for what they could rapidly get "out of it." There was insufficient taking root, willingness to throw in all beside the *indigènes*. British settlers have taken root much more deliberately—but their mixing with the natives has not been up to the French standard.

What, one may well ask, is being held in store for the French Colonial Empire? Japan walks into one section of it. Britain crashes into another part. The United States decides to control a third segment. Other sections opt for de Gaulle, deadly enemy of Laval. And still other parts take their orders from Laval. Mussolini demands this and that portion. Franco awaits the moment to seize another part. Finally, Hitler has his ideas. Can any Empire survive such a performance, such a strain? If the French Empire does, how resilient will Frenchmen once again have shown themselves. Maybe they will be helped by the several political forms under which they live in the Empire which consists of colonies proper (owned and governed directly by Metropolitan France); protectorates; mandated territories; and Algeria, Tunisia, and Morocco, which are under the jurisdiction of the Ministry of the Interior, or that of Foreign Affairs (both at present held by Laval).

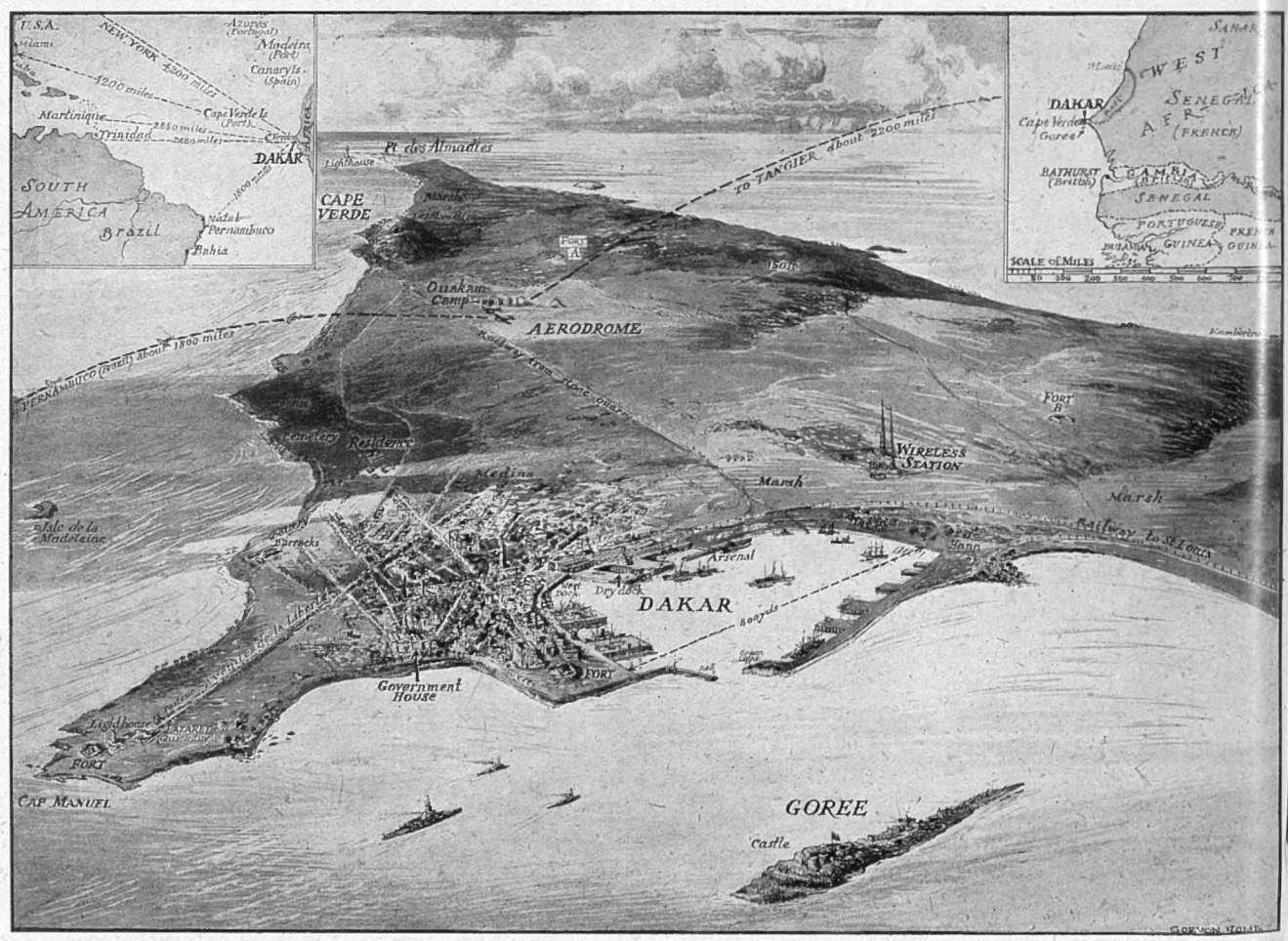
At the moment, coming down to earth, we find that, of nineteen component parts which went to make up the Colonial Empire at the start of the war, no fewer than fifteen have passed beyond the control of the French State as typified by the Vichy regime. Only West Africa, Algeria, Morocco and Tunis continue to respond to Vichy. Jibouti tries to, but is cut off; and there 's a speck in the Pacific called Wallis Island which also, for some weird reason, prefers Laval.

The biggest loss to France, and probably the hardest to make good, is Indo-China. Picture how the Japanese are digging into Cochin China, Tonkin, Annam, Cambodia, Lao, which produce—I give the list in full—rice, maize, coffee, copra, cotton, sugar, coal, zinc, iron, tin, phosphates, timber, pulp, gum, shellac, and pepper and castor-oil. Already on the way to becoming a great manufacturing country, who is going to disconnect the Japs from Indo-China, and how, and when? Will bombs rained on Tokyo suffice to put back the French? To-day Vichy's Admiral Decoux sits at Saigon, though it 's hard to see what he thinks he's doing. Japan will take all, locally, unless the Allies stop her, in which case they certainly won't encourage Decoux to linger. But, like all Vichy, he probably banks on some sort of swapping and changing arising from an inconclusive end to the war.

With Indo-China has gone one-third of the population of the whole Empire—20,000,000.

Moving westward, Pondicherry's Governor Bonvin, excellent name for "a stout, genial man of fifty-five," declared for de Gaulle twenty months ago. There has been talk of the Japanese making specially for the French enclaves in India, but that is merely talk. These tiny strips on the Madras side, 200 square miles in all, are bereft of significance for an invader. They have endured really as a sentimental token.

Réunion, 400 miles east of Madagascar, is the oldest French possession: 300 years. It has a high proportion of French settlers, and its Governor has quietened his anti-British virulence since Diego Suarez. Réunion must ultimately

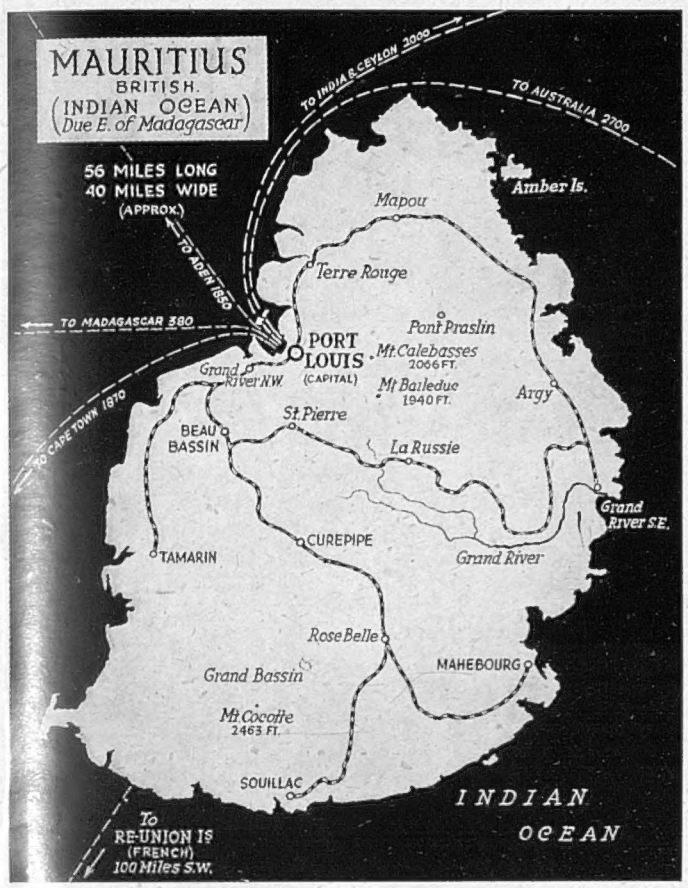



**DAKAR, brightest jewel in the Vichy Empire, to judge by the protestations Laval and Company make about this highly strategic spot. This special drawing shows the harbour and aerodrome, and the peninsula of Cape Verde on which they stand. German designs in connection with Dakar have always been obvious**

go the way "Mada" does. Madagascar, isle of great potential riches, is being held in trust for the French people; that is, provided the Japanese don't have something to say. One reason for further occupation concerns the number of Jap fifth columnists settled in trade along the coast. But the climate of "Mada" is extremely trying, apart from the distances being huge. Climate was the main reason the French didn't develop things more. One way to gain the goodwill of the inhabitants should be to buy all the beef, timber, rice and sugar for which ships can be found. Too long has the island been lying under the blight of shrunken markets and a partial blockade.

Djibouti used to connect with the outer world *via* Madagascar, and it will be interesting to see what effect is now produced on the beleaguered Red Sea port. Very short of food, Djibouti depends greatly on Arab dhows running contraband. But the Allies, squatted round the town, allow in water and medicaments and sometimes milk. There is a kind of truce. Practically all the Syrians, Greeks, Armenians, Portuguese and Italians have left Djibouti, and also a large number of Somalis, leaving the Vichy French in lonely occupation behind the usual Senegalese, who are emerging as Vichy's mercenary janissaries.

The impending Republics of Syria and Lebanon are doing quietly under the Spears-Catroux dispensation. Syria will never go back wholly to France, which will, however, be recognised

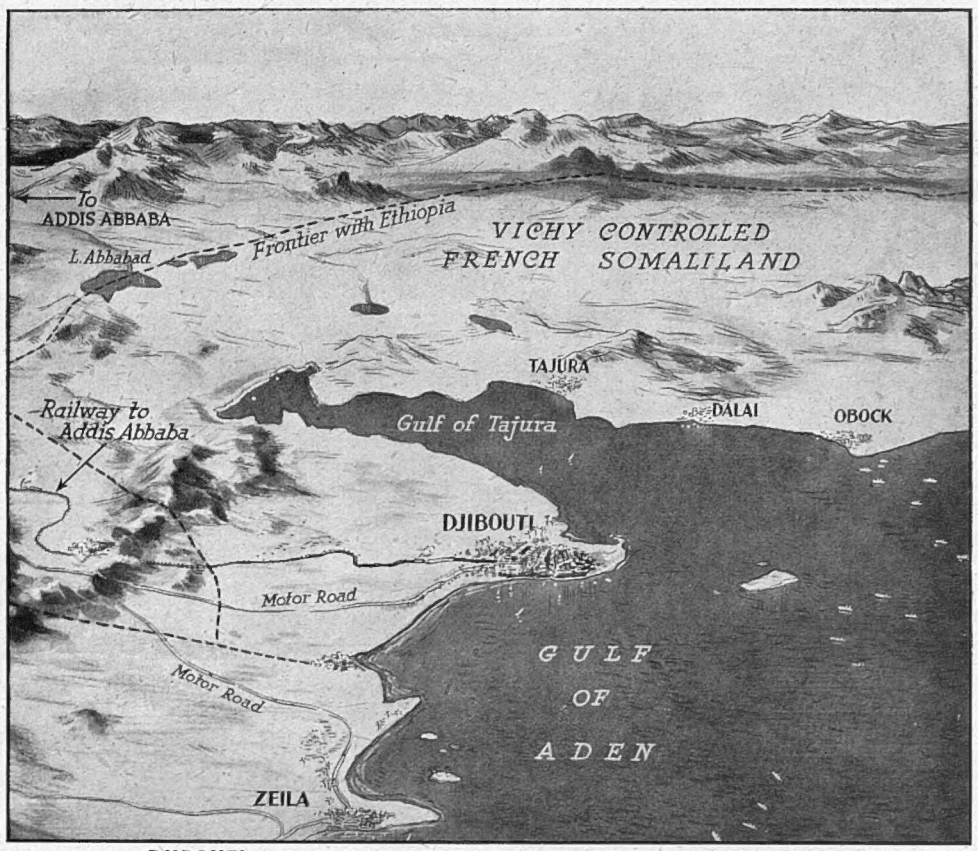



**MAURITIUS, or Ile de France, lies in the Indian Ocean: unlike the other places illustrated on these pages, this island is a British possession. Lying some 530 miles to the east of Madagascar, Mauritius occupies a very strategic position in the Indian Ocean. It is 39 miles long and 29 miles broad. It was ceded to Britain in 1814**

as the dominant influence. Latest reports show the Free French forces as on the increase, notably Marines holding the coast. The big drag is the necessity of retaining so many Vichy officials, who, even if their livers are in order, sabotage efficiency. Should Hitler move against Syria, there may well be local Vichy intervention at his side. Not only in transport and convoy work, but with a Colonial contingent, Laval needs to curry favour. Remember we wage war strangely, and that less than a year ago we repatriated 25,000 colonials taken in Syria, mostly types who give no thought to causes, and no doubt Darlan has many of them ready for further lusty adventure.

And so across to Chad, and Free French Africa generally. Recently, General de Gaulle gave me this appreciation for a broadcast: "At a time when every ton of Allied shipping saved means a ton gained for offensive action, French Equatorial Africa and the Cameroons contribute to the winning of the Battle of Communications. Improved harbours, newly-built aerodromes, and roads in the heart of the African Continent form a short-cut for the Allied supply lines from America and Britain to the Near and the Far East. They testify to the energy and the efficiency of the Free French administration in those territories. How much further from winning this Battle of Communications should we be if the loyalty of these colonies to France and the Allied cause had not prevented their neutralisation under Vichy rule!"

This immense de Gaulle territory extends from Italian Libya almost down to Portuguese West Africa, and from the Atlantic seaboard to within some 400 miles of the Nile. The population is between 7,000,000 and 8,000,000, and with American post-war co-operation, the General sees a shining future, not least for the natives. For the present we must not forget that Vichy France is actually established within a few miles of the above-depicted Allied supply-line. Free France is on one side of Lake Chad, and Vichy on the other. True, the burning wastes of French West Africa (Vichy), and the stifling, humid temperature much of the year, reduce the chances of attack, but this happens to be the land of the ebony janissaries. If any could take vital Lake Chad, it would be the Senegalese, of whom Vichy, unfortunately, has exclusive rights. Wildly Anglophobe Governor Boisson, at Dakar,




**The port of DJIBOUTI, capital of French Somaliland, now cut off completely from Vichy. It is not unlikely that this port will soon capitulate to British demands now that Madagascar has been forced to submit to occupation: formerly Djibouti used to connect with the outer world via Madagascar**

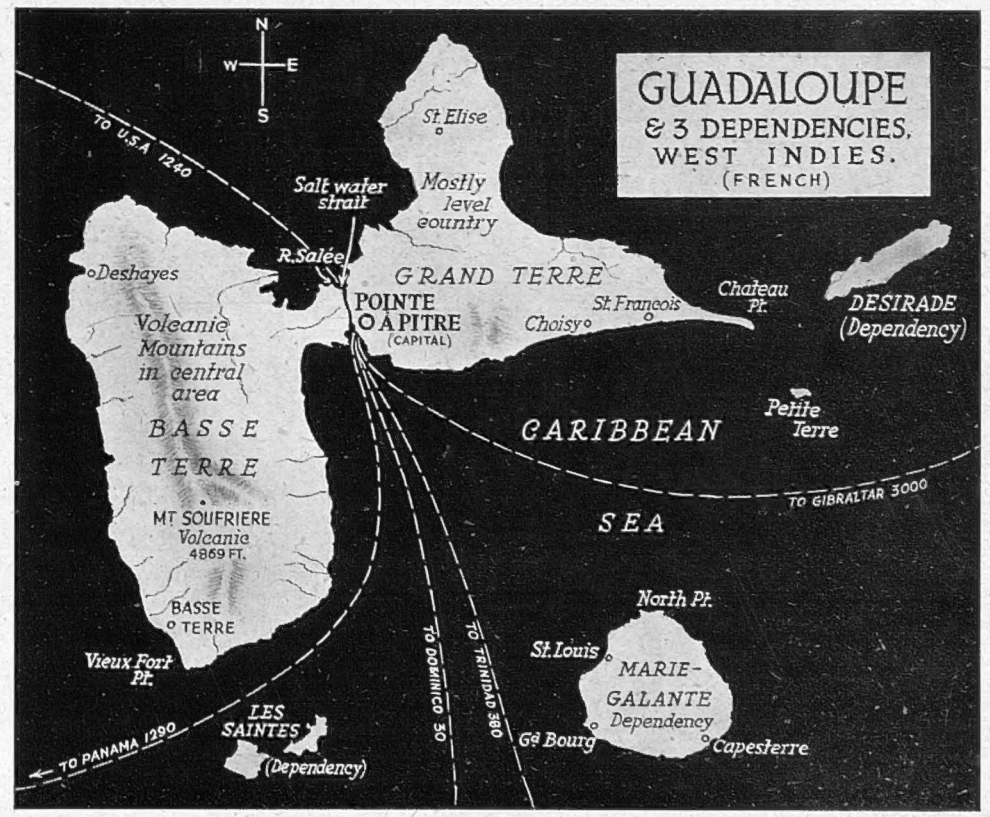
is being incited by the Doriots and the Déats to take offensive sea, if not land, action. But can he? Admiral Platon, Colonies Minister at Vichy, is another spoken of as urging an Axis-aiding move deep in Africa.

But the American insistence in regard to Martinique, Guadaloupe and Cayenne (good old "Devil's Island" of the romancers) is bound to have a chastening effect even on such a Fascist nest in tough surroundings as Dakar has become. The more that is taken from Laval, the less will the surviving Vichy colonies have appetite for fighting the Allies, and, above all, the Americans. There is something simply idiotic in the mere idea of Frenchmen fighting Americans. Shades of La Salle, of Beauregard, Franklyn, Lafayette, Pershing; not to mention of a hundred personal memories in France and in America!

The Americans give the guarantee absolute to the French that, America winning, the French Empire lives.

In the Pacific, all the French islands are Free-France-American except that little speck Wallis. And nothing but Japanese arrival will alter matters.

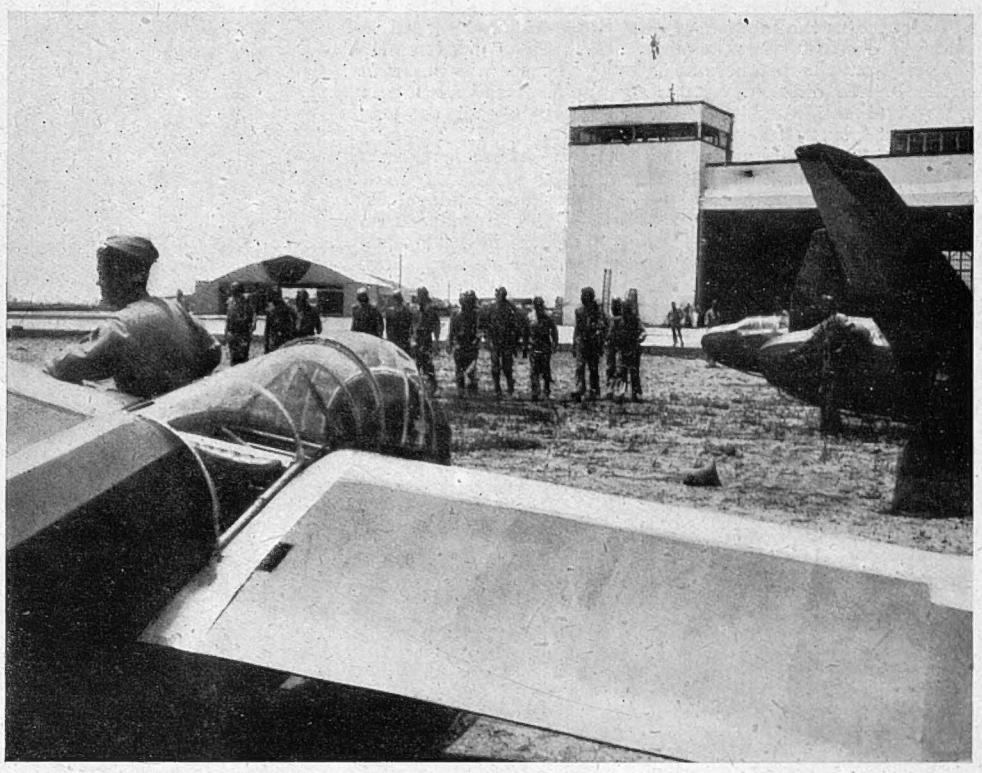
In addition to West Africa, Laval is left with Tunis, Algeria and Morocco. Two protectorates and a part of France proper. The last, Algeria, is likely to remain Vichy the longest. It feels itself physically a part of (Southern) France, and years before this war it had its Fascist organisations, giving the Fascist salute at public parades—as I saw in 1936. No one who witnessed Daladier's triumph in Tunis eight months before this war can doubt the true feelings to-day of the French in Tunis. If Mussolini is rash enough to thrust himself in there, he'll singe his spaghetti. In Morocco is General Noguès, whose impulses must all be to do what his idol Lyautey would have done. Noguès has small military strength, but, well—Mr. Churchill recently told the gentlemen of the Press to lay off shrewd surmises.




**GUADALOUPE, and its three dependencies, whose fate depends on that of Martinique, which is also in the French West Indies. This island was a bone of contention between France and Great Britain for many years; after numerous exchanges it was finally restored to France by the Peace of 1815. Pointe à Pitre is the principal business centre and Basse Terre the seat of government**

# NEWS ITEMS FROM THE U.S. AND ICELAND

**U.S. GLIDER PILOTS IN TRAINING : A new development which the American Navy have taken up strongly during recent months**



**THE SCENE AT THE AIRFIELD AT PARRIS ISLAND, SOUTH CAROLINA, where the glider pilots of the United States Marines are being trained :** Gliding is a branch of aviation which has now been taken up seriously by the United States Marines. Training-headquarters have been located at Parris Island ; and training is under the control of Lieut.-Colonel V. M. Guymon. The Marine Glider Group has already expanded into a sizable and very capable outfit. The initial work is carried out in gliders which are borne into the air by fast motor-cars. The picture above shows a general scene at the training-airfield ; and that on the left shows Lieut. Thomas A. Todd (in the front cockpit) and Lieut. Arnold Lunn, two Flying Officers of the U.S. Marine Corps, about to take off for a flight

**AN R.A.F. SKI CLUB HAS BEEN FORMED IN ICELAND :** British airmen in Iceland have just formed a ski club. There is ample snow in the neighbourhood of Reykjavik, even in May : the skiers include both ground staff and air crews, including a number of Australians who had never even seen snow before being posted to Iceland ! The expert skiers act as teachers to the inexperienced ; and ideal "winter-sport" contests have resulted

**MEMBERS OF THE R.A.F. SKI CLUB enjoying a day's outing on the snowy mountain slopes in the neighbourhood of Reykjavik, in Iceland**

**OUR UNWELCOME GUESTS from the Japanese Embassy exercise under a police escort in Hyde Park whilst awaiting their return to Japan**

**A JAP STEPS OUT, well away from his escort, to escape the camera :** The officials of the Japanese Embassy in London will soon be going back to their own country. Meanwhile, they receive exercise daily in Hyde Park under an escort of London policemen. When the daily promenade is over, the escort is more pleased than the Japs, as some of the latter think nothing of taking a six-mile walk !

# CAN INDIA be INVADED from BURMA?

*The Mountain Frontier Region which Cuts Off the Eastern Part of India from the Jap Invaders*

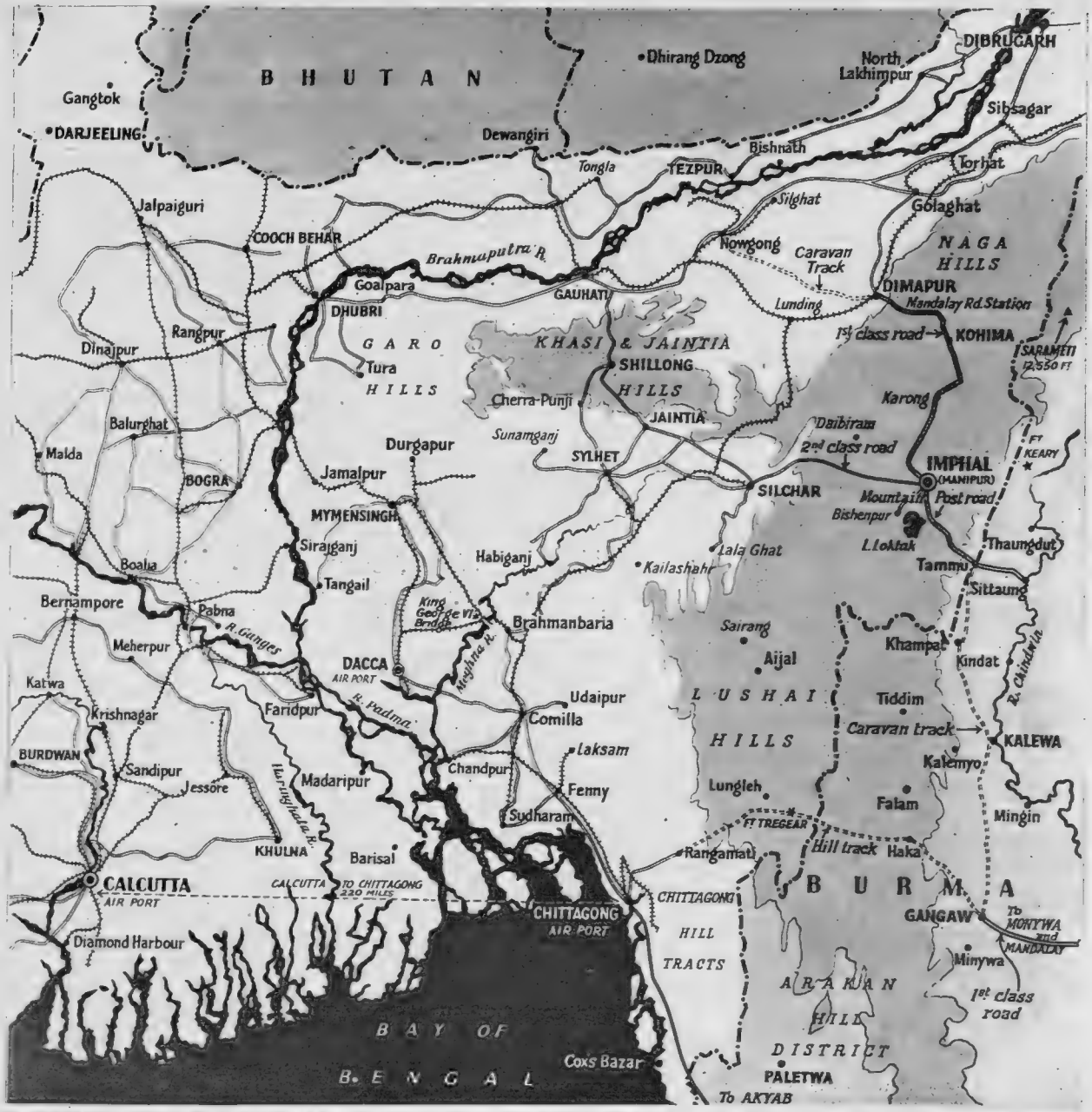
AT the middle of the month of May, Japanese advance columns had reached the northern area of Upper Burma; and later messages gave the news that the enemy had actually crossed the frontier into India at one or two points.

An examination of this frontier shows that it is formed in large part by the big mountain mass which sweeps in a big arc from south-west to north-east, separating the Burmese valleys from the flat plains of India.

Let us examine this frontier line, both the territory immediately adjacent to it and the lower territory further to the west, which contains a certain number of the lines of communication in an area stretching from the Bay of Bengal to the foothills of the Himalayas.

The southernmost end of the boundary-line rests on a narrow inlet to the north of Akyab, a port and airbase of some importance which was seized by the Japanese in the middle of the month. A fairly good secondary road extends northward from Akyab and crosses the frontier east of Cox's Bazar and proceeds to Chittagong.

It will be noted that the frontier line turns sharply to the north just west of Paletwa, in the Arakan hill district. It then turns eastward toward the Chittagong hills, and after traversing a hill ridge turns sharply to the east, crossing the Manipur River towards Khampat. At this point it again turns sharply towards the north-east, passing Tammu, a point on the Imphal (Manipur) post road to Sittaung, on the Upper Chindwin River. Thence it passes northwards over mountain country about 12,000 ft. high, through the Naga country to the Patkai Hills. After that the frontier line bears eastward to the Chankan Pass and thence northward to the snowclad foothills of the Himalayas.




**THE MOUNTAIN FRONTIER OF EASTERN INDIA, and the chain of hills from Paletwa to Dimapur. There is only one good road in the mountain area and no railways. All the railways and serviceable roads are through the lower ground farther to the west of this mountainous region (see accompanying notes)**—*A Special* Sphere *Map*

If it is intended by the High Command of India to hold this region, it may be said at once that this new theatre of war, as it concerns the mountain barrier itself, contains no railways and but one road of good quality: that is, the road from Dimapur (Mandalay Road railway station) through Kohima to Imphal, the capital of Manipur State. There are backways past Fort Tregear to Rangamati, and from Lungleh northward to Silchar; thence there is a secondary road to Bishenpur-Imphal which continues as a track over the frontier to the Chindwin. From Kohima there is a final track northwards to the railway at Golaghat.

The southern part of this central mass is known as the Chittagong Hill Tract. Next come the fan-shaped Lushai Hills, before we reach the rising mass of Manipur and the Naga Hills.

The supply area lying to the west of the hill country contains some railways and a few secondary roads. The southernmost railhead lies in the district of Chittagong; thence the railroad proceeds north-west through Noakhali and northwards to Brahmanbaria, whence a branch line goes westward *via* the new King George VI Bridge. Northwards the railway connects with Sylhet and Silchar and thence over the hills to the Bengal-Assam main line to Dimapur, Dibrugarh and Sadiya, the supply point for the new Assam-China road.

The roads follow these railway lines in many cases. It should be noted, however, that Shillong, in the Jaintia Hills, can only be reached by road.

The proximity of the Japs to the rich plains of Eastern India cannot be denied. Yet (without too much wishful thinking) their task is larger than the map would indicate! Not only have the monsoons arrived—to make the going much more difficult than hitherto—but the nature of the country is such that an approach to India from the landward side is almost impossible on a large scale.

The war has, however, come immeasurably nearer to India; and in that country steps are now being taken, even at this very late hour, to organise effective opposition to the swarm of locusts from the Far East.

**ELEPHANTS AND BULLOCK CARTS TAKE PART IN THE GREAT EVACUATION OF BURMA**—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

The roads across the Burma-India frontier—such as they are (in the majority of cases, mere cart tracks)—have been thronged with thousands upon thousands of refugees of all nationalities trying to escape from the Japs. Siamese, Burmese, Indians, Europeans—all are trying to get out by whatever means practicable. A correspondent saw one woman riding an elephant which had been loaded up with all her portable possessions: most of the refugees, however, have to travel on foot or in bullock carts, and the authorities have been trying to divert these along old footpaths to leave the road clearer for military traffic. But it is stated that the refugees prefer the road, where the soldiers give them a sense of security and company in strange and wild country! The people fleeing before the Japs travel at a pace of about 10 miles a day: camps have been prepared for them, and about 1,000 a day are being transported by lorry, where this is practicable

# THE RETREAT OUT OF BURMA

**THE FIGHTING BETWEEN THE CHINESE AND THE JAPS ON THE BURMA ROAD: The scene at the Hsenwi Suspension Bridge, after the Japanese had turned towards Yunnan**—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

After the capture of Lashio, the railhead supply base for the Burma Road, it was uncertain whether the Japs would turn their attention towards Bhamo and the north, and develop all the weight of their attack against India. It soon became evident that a serious attack was going to be made in the direction of the main Burma Road and Western Yunnan. One of the first indications was an attack on Hsenwi, where a suspension bridge carries the Burma Road towards Kutkai and the Yunnan frontier. The position was eventually carried by the Japs, who forced the Chinese to retire. (*See map in bottom right*)

*Below—*

When the Japanese forces succeeded in capturing Lashio there was some doubt as to whether they would then strike towards China or towards India. It was soon evident, however, in the opening days of May, that the intention was to strike northwards from Lashio to the Chinese frontier. This movement was strongly resisted, but the enemy succeeded in reaching Wanting, the frontier position on the Burma Road.

They did not stop at this point but pushed on, aided by artillery support, and made repeated attacks on the Chinese defence lines. By the end of the first week they had reached Chefang. The road itself had not been destroyed, as the Japanese attack had been expected in the direction of Bhamo.

To reach Chefang the road has to climb steeply and hangs perilously over steep precipices. At the summits one is often above the clouds. The adjoining valleys are no longer full of jungle growth, but reveal meadowland with terraced paddy-fields.

(*Cont. on following page*)

**A SCENE ON THE REMARKABLE "GILPIN ROAD"**
**Nagas are still employed on it, hacking the roadway**

**THE JAPANESE THRUST ALONG THE BURMA ROAD INTO THE YUNNAN PROVINCE OF CHINA: The town of Tengyueh, seen on the left on its elevated plateau and now in Jap hands, is shown with its connections to Pao Shan, biggest Chinese city in this western district. The Burma Road and points where fighting has occurred are shown in the centre of the view**—*Drawing by Percy Home*

**THROUGH ASSAM, THE RELIEF "ROAD" BUILT BY BRIGADIER-GENERAL GILPIN AND OPENED TEN WEEKS AFTER WORK ON IT WAS STARTED!** Thirty thousand out of the mountainside and having to scale off hundreds of feet of sheer rock from above for every additional foot of width. Along this road have gone the Relief Columns from India, through Manipur up to the Burma frontier: the fresh troops, proceeding by motorised vehicles, have been rushing to relieve the tired battalions under General Alexander retiring from Burma after many weeks of non-stop marching and fighting—*Drawing by E. Byatt*

*Cont. from preceding page.*

Chefang, where fighting took place, is the first Chinese town on the road, inhabited by Shans, and in recent times its life had been much disturbed by the invasion of countless lorry-drivers who demanded food, tobacco and lodging. Once inside its old walls one discovered narrow, muddy streets. Fighting took place on both sides of the town as the Japanese threw out enveloping columns.

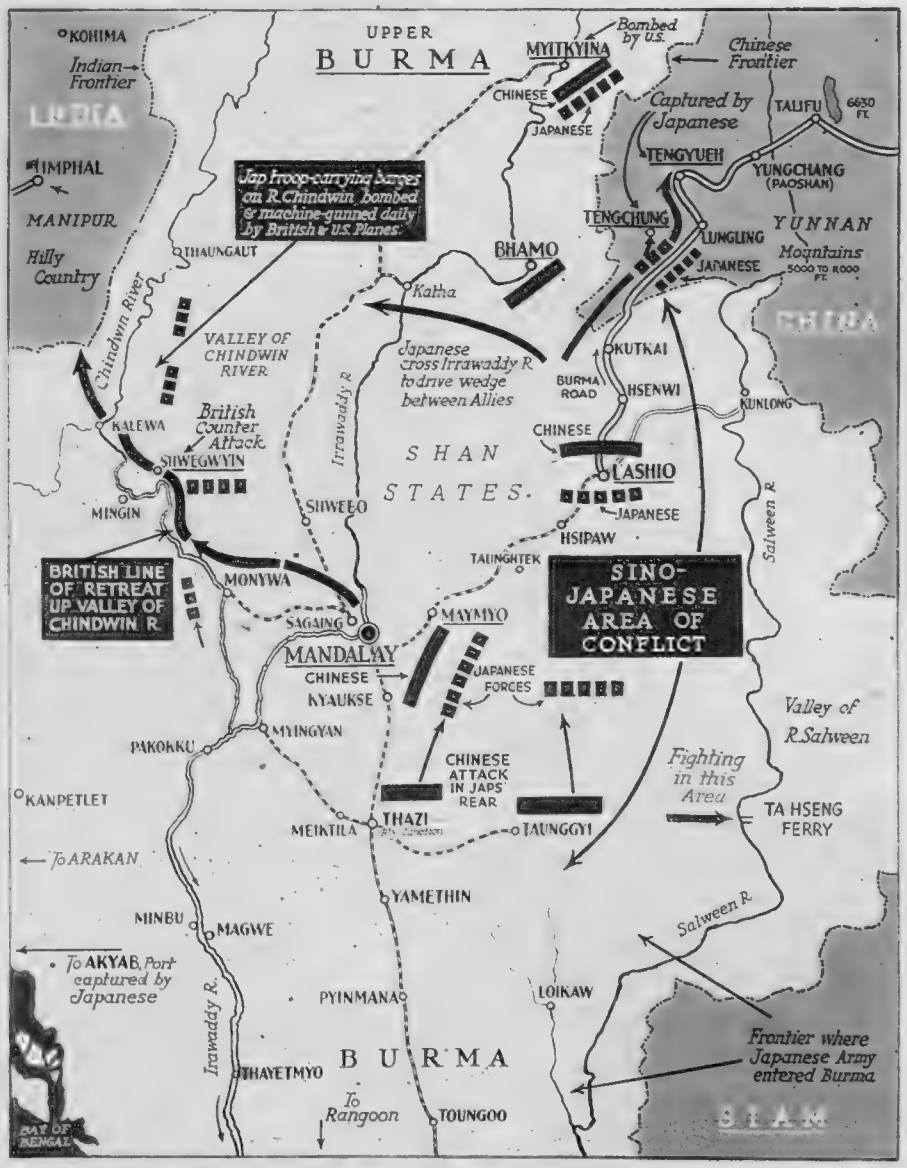
As the month advanced, the Chinese vigorously counter-attacked at Wanting and drove the Japanese from their positions at this point. Later the Japanese themselves reattacked and regained lost ground and began thrusting in the direction of Tengyueh, the important plateau city above the Shweli River. In the middle of the month the Japanese thrust into Yunnan had already resolved itself into two separate columns—the northern column operating toward Tengyueh and the southern column forcing its way north-eastward along the west bank of the Salween, where an attempt might be made to join the Tengyueh column. That place fell to the Japanese.

For some days the contesting forces became lost to the outer world in this maze of giant river gorges, but it was held that the town of Paoshan was in danger from enemy attack. It lies some 45 miles due east from Tengyueh, but between the two points there exist the parallel gorges of the Shweli and the Salween. The two places are connected by the old caravan route, which accomplishes seemingly impossible descents and ascents.

Paoshan, evidently the immediate objective of the Japanese thrust, occupies a site upon an elevated plain. The Burma Road itself leads up to one of its ancient massive gateways. It is the last important Chinese city of any considerable size, as one proceeds westward from Kunming. Other parts of the Burma route run through almost completely uninhabited country. Paoshan stands like a bastion between the twin giant gorges of the Salween and Mekong. They run due north towards the easternmost mountains of the Himalayas. As gorge scenery they have no equal anywhere in the world.

*On right—*

When the British and Indian battalions, after the cutting of the Burma Road at Lashio, retired across the Irrawaddy, the fighting in Burma continued in a number of widely separated areas. It was no longer possible to speak of "lines of defence." Chinese forces found themselves facing the Japanese on the middle Salween River in the latitude of Taung-gyi, the fighting having shifted east from that region. It seemed as if the Japanese were attempting a push into Yunnan by a secondary road from Loilem, through Mongping into Yunnan at Keng Low. The Japs could also use the Ta-seng Ferry route, with its picturesque waterfall, on a long but possibly unopposed route to Kunming. Farther north and to the west, Japanese forces were on both banks of the Irrawaddy and had been endeavouring to rush ahead of the British forces retiring over the Chindwin. Japanese forces attempted to intercept by barges on the Chindwin. Chinese forces, now acting as guerillas, have been operating to the east of Mandalay and the forces opposing one another at Lashio moved northwards to Hsenwi, Kutkai, and into Yunnan itself. The northernmost railhead at Myitkyina was seized by the Japanese, who also claimed Bhamo.




**WHERE THE CHINESE ARE FIGHTING BACK THE JAP THRUST INTO YUNNAN:** This map also shows the areas of isolated Sino-Japanese conflicts, and the line followed by the British forces in their retreat out of Burma into Assam by way of the Chindwin.
—*A Special* Sphere *Diagram-Map*

TAKING OFF FROM MYITKYINA AERODROME IN THE MIDST OF AN ATTACK BY JAPANESE AIRCRAFT: A small bomb hits the front of the big transport plane and causes it to crash back on to the aerodrome with one wing smashed

# The EXODUS from BURMA BY AIR

*Two Special* Sphere *Drawings by Roland Davies which Show How British Civilians Were Brought Out of the Danger Areas in Big Transport Aircraft*

Aircraft played a large part throughout the Burma campaign in bringing out great numbers of civilians and soldiers before the rapid advance of the Japs rendered the continued operation of aircraft impossible. A great number were brought out in seven big aeroplanes belonging to Pan-American Airways in the manner shown in the drawing below. These were flown in daylight without escort, in the face of warnings that Japanese fighters were everywhere. Although only designed to carry 21 passengers, each plane brought out as many as 70; and each day the pilots made as many as seven trips—in one day alone a total of 1,200 were safely evacuated from the area north of Mandalay, at a time when this was the only practicable method of evading the Japs. The drawing above shows what happened during evacuation operations at Myitkyina Aerodrome, to the north of Lashio, after that town had been abandoned by the British and Chinese forces. An English nurse—the last white woman out of Lashio—had journeyed by road for a week to reach the aerodrome. When her plane took off, two Japanese aircraft came over. "Our plane was just in the air," she said, "when there was a terrific explosion. Down we crashed, completely smashing one wing." Apparently a small bomb had hit the front of the plane, and then the Japs began machine-gunning the aerodrome. A number of people, including women and babies, were killed: some were passengers in the second plane; others were members of the waiting refugee crowd

HOW 1,200 TROOPS AND CIVILIANS WERE TAKEN OUT OF BURMA IN A DAY, in seven big aircraft of Pan-American Airways which continued to operate from an airfield north of Mandalay until it was almost surrounded by the Japanese. The aircraft were originally designed to carry 21 passengers: they brought out as many as 70 on each trip, landing on improvised airfields and then refuelling immediately and taking off again

# The ATTACK on the "PRINZ EUGEN"

*The Men of Coastal Command Who Made the Assault on the German Cruiser*

A BEAUFORT PILOT MAKES HIS REPORT to the Intelligence officer on his return. In private life this pilot was a Fleet Street journalist

THE CREW OF A BEAUFORT PREPARE TO TAKE OFF TO ATTACK THE GERMAN CRUISER: The Beauforts, carrying torpedoes, were escorted by a force of Beaufighters: at least two of the 18-in. torpedoes were seen to hit the "Prinz Eugen," and five enemy fighter aircraft were also shot down

ANOTHER BEAUFORT PILOT describes to the Flight-Lieutenant Intelligence officer how his torpedo ran towards the German cruiser during the attack

Hugging the shore and protected by a destroyer screen and a fighter escort, the German cruiser *Prinz Eugen* was sighted on Sunday evening, May 17, steaming southwards along the Norwegian coast. She was close in shore, ringed round with destroyers in such a way as to provide the greatest possible protection against attack from submarines or torpedo-carrying aircraft. The aircraft escort was stepped up above her to a great height ready to repel any bombing attack. *Prinz Eugen* had been considerably damaged during previous attacks, and had been undergoing repairs in the Lo Fiord at Trondheim after her escape from Brest in company with the *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau*. She was attacked by torpedo- and bomb-carrying aircraft of Coastal Command, operating more than 300 miles from their base—the biggest formation of torpedo-bombers and escorting fighters which has yet been sent out from Britain: At least two torpedoes, and probably three, hit the big German cruiser when they went in to the attack off Lister, at the south-west tip of Norway. Nine of our aircraft were lost in the action, but five enemy fighters were also shot down

THE INTELLIGENCE OFFICER PIECES THE STORY TOGETHER: A Flight-sergeant is being interrogated, whilst his Observer listens-in

AS THE BEAUFORTS OF COASTAL COMMAND SAW HER DURING THE ATTACK: A glimpse of the heavy cruiser "Prinz Eugen" steaming southwards, close in to the Norwegian coast. Nearer the camera is one of the protecting German destroyers, emitting a heavy screen of smoke

# NAVAL STRATEGY TO-DAY

*How the Lean Years of Disarmament Still Strangle our Tactics at Sea.* By A. C. MORRISON

THE capital ship is the backbone of the fleet, and our own Navy has probably never possessed a fleet approximating more closely in composition to the text-book fleet than it did in 1914, after ten years' reconstruction under the rule of the energetic Fisher. The Fleet which Jellicoe took into action at Jutland was the most impressive in numbers we have ever been able to muster. Sir John sailed into action at the head of twenty-six battleships, with a comparable number of destroyers and cruisers. We shall never be able to approach such lavishness again (we had only fifteen capital ships in 1939), except perhaps when, in the final days of this present war, we may be able to call upon the joint strength of all the Allied fleets, now extant or building, for a final settlement with the Japanese in their home waters. Even then we should want a fleet of very different composition from that of Sir John's.

Meanwhile, if we could buy "off the shelf" a fleet to take on all comers in, say, the Indian Ocean at the present moment, we would plump for fewer battleships and more lighter craft. Four capital ships of the King George V class would provide the backbone, with an equal number of aircraft-carriers both for attack and defence. In cruisers we would need a total of at least twenty-five, both light and heavy, and at least twice that number of destroyers. The scale of aircraft and destroyer protection may seem lavish, but if recent events have taught one lesson it is surely that it is hardly possible either to have too great a protection against bomb and torpedo, or to make too generous use of these weapons oneself.

One of the few things which would be little changed would be the actual order of battle. Our fleet would approach the battle area in the usual formation of several short columns, protecting each other's flanks and offering the smallest target to submarines. Some of the heavy cruisers will be leading, followed by the capital ships, close astern of which would be the carriers, with the rear made up of the balance of the cruiser force. The destroyers, unless called on for attack or defence, will be on the flanks of the larger vessels. Some time before action became probable the carriers would separate from the fleet, though remaining within easy flying distance and provided with cruiser and destroyer protection. The main forces would then commence the turn into "line ahead" formation, turning towards the enemy and still with some of the heavier cruisers in the van, and the destroyers maintaining their position on the off side until needed. The manœuvre will be commenced while the fleets are heading towards one another but still possibly twenty miles apart. The enemy will be doing the same thing (if he intends to fight) and thus the two fleets will eventually form two opposing lines steaming in roughly the same direction and separated by whatever distance weather and rival speeds permit. The line-ahead formation is the only one which permits a ship to bring all its guns to bear without either masking its neighbour or being masked itself in turn. Having brought themselves into this formation, the rival fleets will attempt the classic enveloping or "T-crossing" manœuvres, but in practice these rarely succeed against an experienced foe, and the battle will go to the side which hits hardest and makes fewest mistakes in the heat of the action.

Due to differing ideas, the opposing fleets will never be identical in gun-power and armament, but the difference will be very slight between the first-line vessels of first-class naval Powers, always assuming, of course, that the accidents of war make it possible to assemble the desired strength. The Java Straits Battle found the Allies with a heterogeneous collection of vessels, some rather old, and considerably weaker in numbers, both as to cruisers and destroyers, than the Japanese. The Japs' superior speed and numbers enabled them to bring overwhelming strength on each group of Allied vessels in turn, and the result was only what we had to expect. To apply Fisher's dictum once more, we lost the Java Battle because our forces there, as compared with the enemy's, were such that victory was hardly feasible.

Any warship is simply a gun platform, and the fighting power of a ship is thus mainly her rate and weight of fire. Roughly speaking, the striking power increases as the cube of the calibre; in other words, it takes between two and three 11-in. guns to equal one 15-in. gun. Even allowing for the benefit of not having all one's eggs in one basket, it would take at least three heavy cruisers or pocket-battleships to equal one genuine capital ship such as the *Hood*. On the same basis, three or four good modern destroyers of the Tribal class would be a fair match for the *Prinz Eugen* or any similar ship, for there would always be the chance that at least one of them would escape notice in the flurry of battle long enough to slip in and do some real damage with torpedo or gun. But if there were two *Prinz Eugens* or if there had been two pocket-battleships at the River Plate, our lighter forces would have to be much stronger numerically before they could expect to get the upper hand. Two ships steaming together can protect each other's

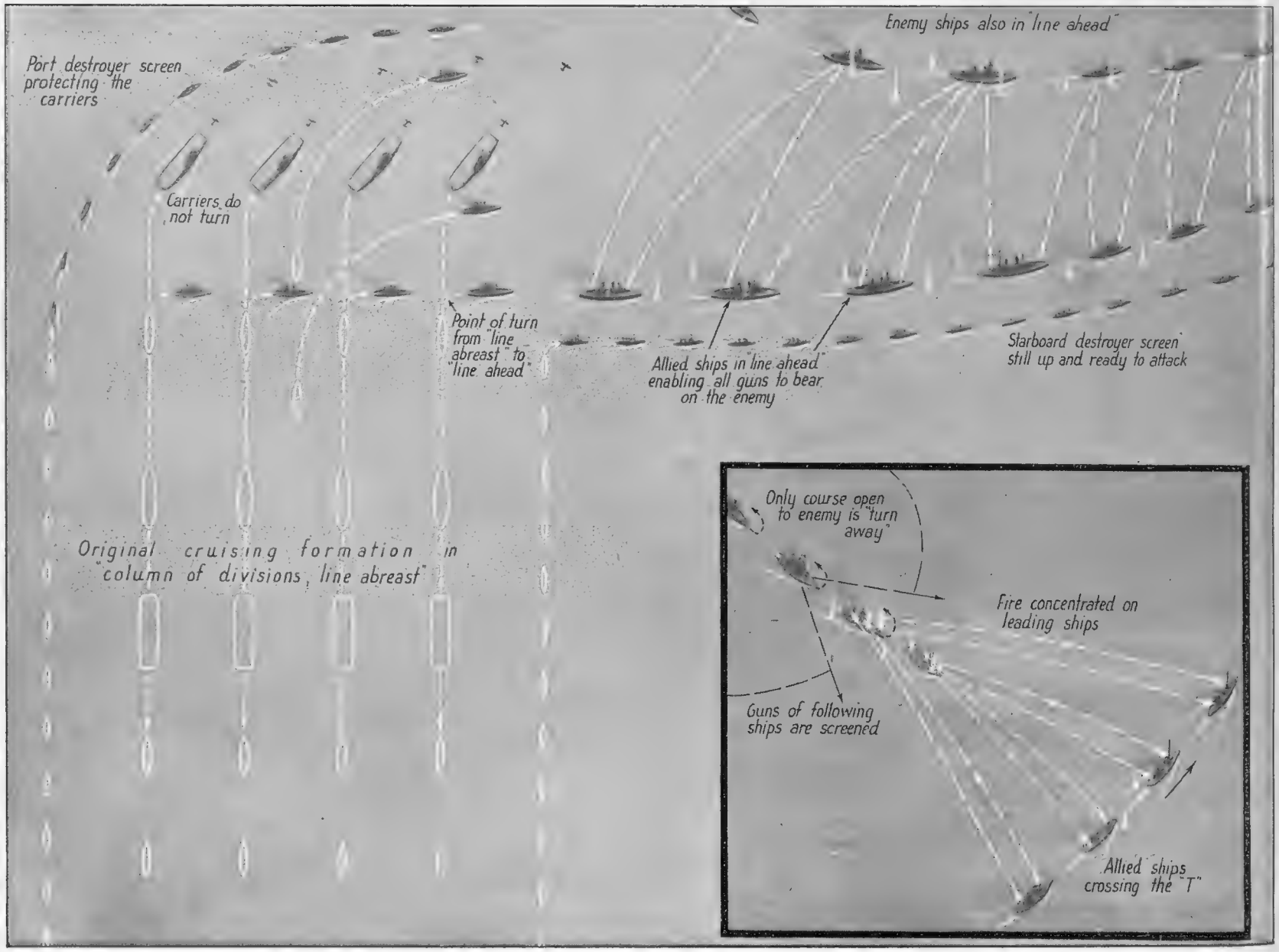
(*Continued on following page*)

*Below*—

**2. BATTLE TACTICS—or how the enemy would actually be engaged**

*—Drawing by L. Ashwell Wood*

Upon information received, and after sighting the enemy, our Fleet would form into "line-ahead" or "line-of-battle" formation, turning towards the enemy. This manœuvre is pursued by each line of ships turning 90 degrees to port or starboard as they come up to a given bearing. Each ship would then be following the next in front. The "linea-head" formation is the only one which allows all the guns to bear on the enemy. The aircraft-carriers in this case would not turn, but carry on to a spot within easy flying distance—protected by some cruisers and by the port destroyer screen, which also would not have turned. (An alternative cruising formation could be "column of divisions—line ahead.") We must make it clear that in the above drawing no attempt has been made to show the correct tactical distances between ships: there would not be enough paper in this issue to do this! The inset drawing shows the classical manœuvre of "crossing the T." If this can be properly carried out on the advancing enemy, his leading ships can be pounded whilst the guns of the following ships are screened by their leaders. To counter this move, the enemy would have to "turn away" and thus lose valuable time



**1. AN IDEAL NAVAL STRATEGY FOR DEALING WITH THE JAPANESE IF, AND WHEN, A SUITABLE MOMENT SHOULD ARISE! How the proposed Allied naval fleet would be made up and proceed to the battle area, with four big capital ships as a very powerful "backbone"**—*Drawing by L. Ashwell Wood.* (See notes below and accompanying article)

Four of the biggest British battleships are included here, with four aircraft-carriers, twenty-five cruisers and fifty destroyers—a formidable force (if, indeed, we can spare this great weight of metal!). The cruisers would comprise six squadrons and the destroyers would be grouped in six flotillas. The destroyer screens would be in line ahead all the time. The Fleet would have to proceed as compactly as possible; and to this end would probably form into column of divisions, either in line abreast (as shown) or in line ahead. For the latter formation, the battleships (for example) would steam one behind the other; the line abreast has been indicated here, however, because this gives more protection to the aircraft-carriers. If all the ships were in "line ahead" all the time, the Fleet would stretch out for miles. The Admiral's flagship is on the port wing of the battleships—in other words, it is the one nearest the reader

(*Continued from previous page*)

flanks and reduce the number of blind bearings on which the attackers could approach with impunity. Then, if they methodically set about sinking their opponents one by one, making use of their own longer range and heavier fire, they have every chance of winning the day.

Naval strategy to-day is, of course, much more complicated than it was in Nelson's time, when it was mainly a matter of keeping to windward of your enemy, and so being able to bring all your own strength to bear on whatever section of his line you chose. The presence in the battle area of the aircraft-carrier has put a further kink in tactics. The carrier is very much the unwelcome guest: we need the planes and so must bear with the carrier, doing our best to keep her out of harm's way and to provide her with an adequate escort, including our reserve ships for the main action, if we are lucky enough to have a reserve. But, valuable though they have been, the Navy would cheerfully hail a genius who can invent a long-distance fighter-bomber to make the carrier obsolete.

**THE DANGERS AND DIFFICULTIES OF NAVAL ACTIONS IN THE SOUTH-WEST PACIFIC: The Coral Sea fight is flanked by the Great Barrier Reef to the west and by a maze of islands and atolls to the east. (See accompanying notes)**—*A special* Sphere *map*

## THE CORAL SEA: The Scene of the Great Naval Battle for Australia

By DONALD COWIE

A FORTNIGHT ago the Coral Sea was comparatively unknown save to travellers in the Queensland-New Guinea region; to-day it is famous as the scene of a naval battle that may eventually rank with Trafalgar, or at least Jutland. But still the man in the street is no better informed than he was before about its exact topography.

Briefly, then, the Coral Sea is that stretch of water which fills the space between Queensland and south-east New Guinea. It goes up to Port Moresby and across to the Solomon Islands, and it gets its name from its most important feature. This is the presence at its western boundary outside the Queensland coast of the Great Barrier Reef, which, made of coral, outcrops in islands far across the sea to the New Hebrides and New Caledonia, where another main reef is found.

Consequently, travel in the Coral Sea is at once highly dangerous (unless you know the position of all the reefs and little islands) and very picturesque (on account of the beautiful blue water, the romantic islets with their palms, lagoons and many-coloured coral barriers, the flying-fishes and startling sunsets). Formerly the fantastic waters were well known chiefly to two classes, the pearlers and the men of the Royal Australian Navy and Mercantile Marine. Japanese were conspicuous among the former; representatives of the latter doubtless acted as navigators to the United Nations Fleet. The course of the naval battle can, indeed, only be explained by those who know the Coral Sea. Thus the retirement of the Japanese ships to the Louisiade Islands, between the south-east tip of New Guinea and the Solomon Islands, was inevitably the signal for a temporary breaking-off of the fight. The Louisiades, a tangled archipelago of coral islands and tortuous waterways, stand as a perfect natural bastion between the Coral Sea proper and that stretch of water round the Bismarck Archipelago which the Japanese have converted into a kind of main southern base. Our ships would not only have been dangerously exposed to nearby shore-based air attack there, but could have been ambushed by submarines.

Then the presence of the Great Barrier Reef off Queensland directly governed the direction of the action in its main stages. This remarkable natural feature can only be penetrated by large ships at certain well-defined openings, the first up against New Guinea, the second, or Pandora Entrance, down by the tip of Cape York, and others at regular intervals right down south. The job of the United Nations Fleet, therefore, was to prevent the Japanese from gaining control of these vital entrances either to Torres Strait and Port Moresby or to the smooth-water channel, 1,000 miles long and from 10 to 30 miles wide, which skirts the Queensland coast and gives our forces an ideal haven.

Although the scene of the Coral Sea action is only some 10 to 15 degrees from the Equator, it is not so hot as might be expected. Pacific breezes keep the temperature down. The rainy season finished recently: hence the Japanese move.

The Solomon Islands, likely to be increasingly important if the battle is resumed, comprise twelve large islands or groups and numerous smaller ones, covering about 600 miles, altogether much bigger than is generally realised. Some of the islands are small coral outcrops; others carry fearsome volcanoes, such as Bougainville, where the mountain rises to 10,000 ft. Most of the islands are protected by coral reefs, so they nearly all have excellent natural harbours.

# HOW A CAPITAL SHIP OF TO-DAY IS DESIGNED

*Detail Section-drawings Showing the Factors which Govern the Construction of a Big Modern Warship*

THE new 35,000-ton battleships of the United States Navy are *North Carolina, Washington, Indiana, Massachusetts, Alabama* and *North Dakota* : two of them were launched as far back as June 1940, so that it is not unlikely that they have been fully completed by now and are taking part in actual operations ; work on the remainder is proceeding apace.

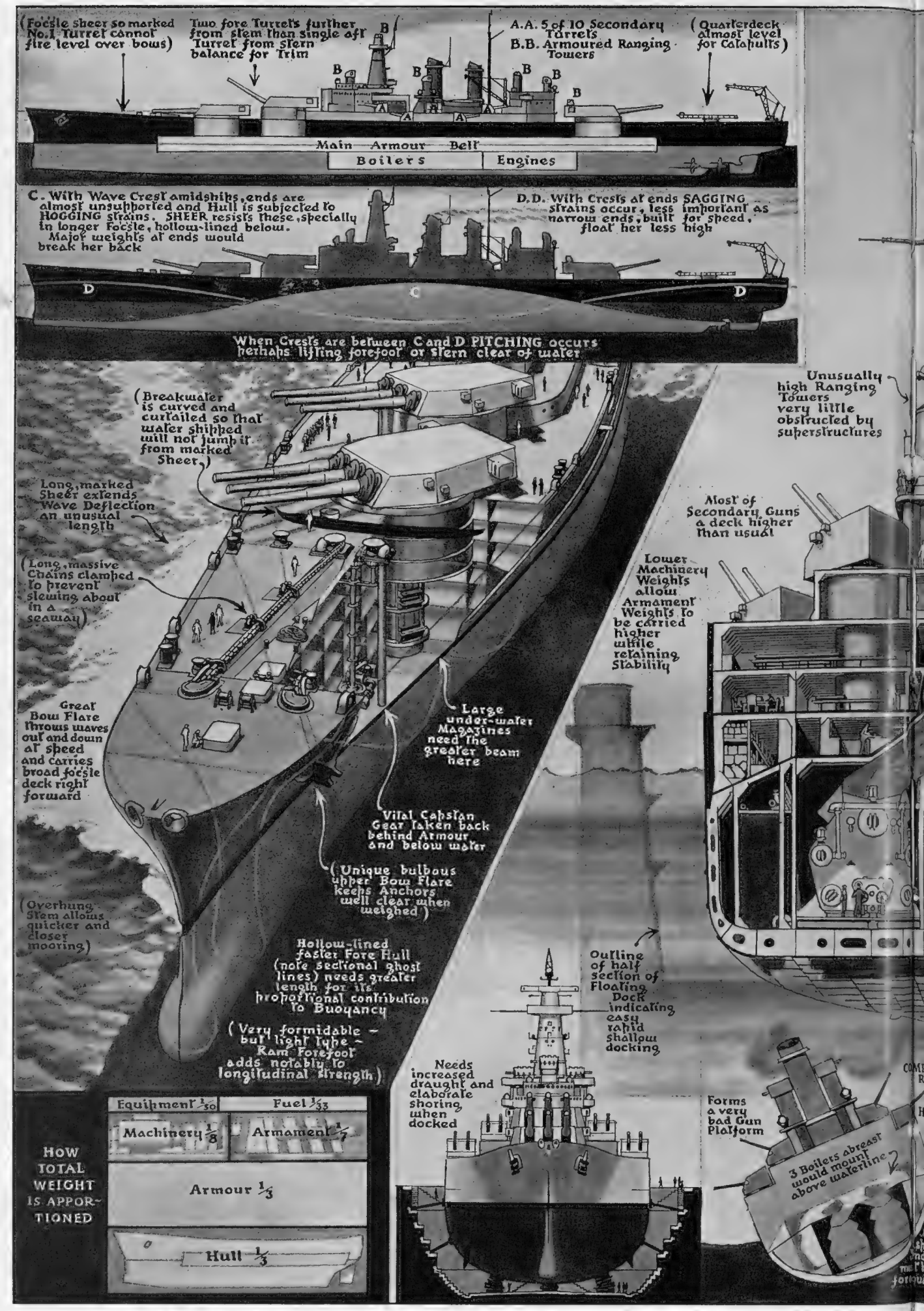
These huge vessels have been very carefully designed to fulfil a number of the conflicting conditions imposed on a modern capital ship. The drawing by Mr. Clatworthy here (which is full of detail which will repay the reader's close attention) has been specially prepared to show a good number of the features which have been embodied—some of which are almost revolutionary in naval design.

There are three main sections in the drawing : each of these deals with one part of the vessel—the forepart and fore-hull, built for speed, and thus given a marked flare ; the centre section, which has, amongst other remarkable things, a flat, keelless bottom ; and the Gunnery Control Tower, in form like a lighthouse.

The first section of the drawing (on the left) shows the remarkable forecastle—of great length, great sheer (the rise of the deck towards the stern) and enormous flare. These have been incorporated to throw the waves out and down, to well beyond No. 1 turret. The fullest use can thus be made of these bow turrets when driving head-on at speed into heavy seas. The whole forecastle is eloquent of speed.

There are other reasons for this remarkable fore-hull ; and many of these are indicated in the lettering on the drawing. At the foot of this first portion is a sectioned diagram which shows how the weight in a modern battleship is apportioned — the hull and the armour-plating, for instance, each take one-third of the total weight, machinery one-eighth, and armament one-seventh !

At the top another diagram indicates how all the major weights are spaced out amidships, making a handy ship, with lovely ends and good in manœuvre. The weight of the armour is continuous along the midship length ; that of the machinery is central ; and that of the armament has been disposed at each end, thus preserving the fore-and-aft balance, or " trim." The level quarter-deck at the after-end (from which aircraft are catapulted into the air) also demands an extra sheer forward as an anti-hogging provision. (" Hogging " is the strain placed on a very long ship when she is hoisted up on a high wave amidships, and her fore and stern are thus unsupported.)




**THE NEW AMERICAN 35,000-TON BATTLESHIPS: SOME OUTSTANDING FEATURES OF THEIR CONSTRUCTION, WHICH EMBODY THE VERY** design ; the centre section shows the flat, almost keelless, bottom ; and on the right

The topmost diagram in the left-hand section of the drawing shows how the vessel would behave in a really big swell ; one of such magnitude would be only of rare occurrence, but the ship must, nevertheless, be designed to withstand such extreme conditions. The fore-hull of the battleship is chiefly occupied by quarters for the crew, provisions and other stores, all very light for bulk.

The centre section of the drawing explains why the hulls of these giant vessels are practically flat-bottomed (perfectly so amidships). First of all, space has to be found for all the heavy machinery. Then it must never be forgotten that the first business of a battleship is to fight ! The completely rounded hull causes a vessel to roll heavily, thus forming a very bad gun-platform. Too square a hull, on the other hand, provides a very steady gun platform, but heavy seas smashing on the sides almost submerge the guns : the square bilges, too, reduce the ship's speed and manœuvrability. The ideal, therefore, is probably that indicated in the main drawing.

We now come to the third section, on the right, which deals with the Gunnery Control Tower. This is now a very striking feature, rather resembling a lighthouse, especially when one notes the big signal-bell and siren also on its sides. Inset at the top of this section are representations of the older

**THE VERY LATEST IDEAS IN NAVAL CONSTRUCTION. In these drawings are three main sections—the first shows the forepart of the vessel, with its remarkable hull line, and is shown the wonderful Gunnery Control Tower—***Drawing by S. W. Clatworthy (Artist's Copyright in the U.S.A.)*

American types which preceded the modern tower—the lattice mast (peculiarly American), which was succeeded by the tripod adapted from our own.

The increasing range of modern naval guns is the cause of this development. The old lattice masts gave a good height for distant observation, and portions of the special tubing could be shot away amazingly without collapse, but the structure had too much play in its components in a seaway. As more precise instruments were provided, this lack of rigidity nullified their accuracy, and could no longer be tolerated. The tripod which succeeded it could not be excelled for rigidity, nor for strength. But tripods fit awkwardly into other construction and hamper "inter-accessibility" between the elaborate gunnery system and its multiplied positions which were next developed.

When one position suffered damage it became practically isolated. An additional structural point is that particularly heavy brackets have to be built on the legs to carry these multiplying stations, which nearly all wanted to go higher also.

The increasing importance of A.-A. fire also helped in the demand for a better co-ordinated siting of all positions to secure a minimum of mutual interference, whilst association between them was also increased. Incidentally, the Texas class, seen in the "Tripod Mast" inset on the right above, has, in addition to the tall tripod, two very thick stumps under the bridges only, and the Conning-Tower has an exceptional view nearly all round, peering between these legs like the trunks of steel trees.

The outcome of all these improvements is the new Tower shown in the large drawing.

It may be added that the function of the Control Station is to observe the fall of shells and the course of the enemy; the Director Top observes the range, directs the elevation and training of the guns, and fires them. The Transmitting Room, the vital centre, receives all the observations taken, makes the necessary adjustments on them, and returns the amended data for actual use.

# THE U.S. NAVY *(continued)*—Capital Ships and Cruisers

**THE APPEARANCE OF AN AMERICAN CAPITAL SHIP DIFFERS GREATLY FROM THAT OF A BRITISH: This is a battleship of the New Mexico class, of 34,000 tons, passing the Statue of Liberty as it heads out from New York into the Atlantic, accompanied by a U.S. destroyer of the Somers class**—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*

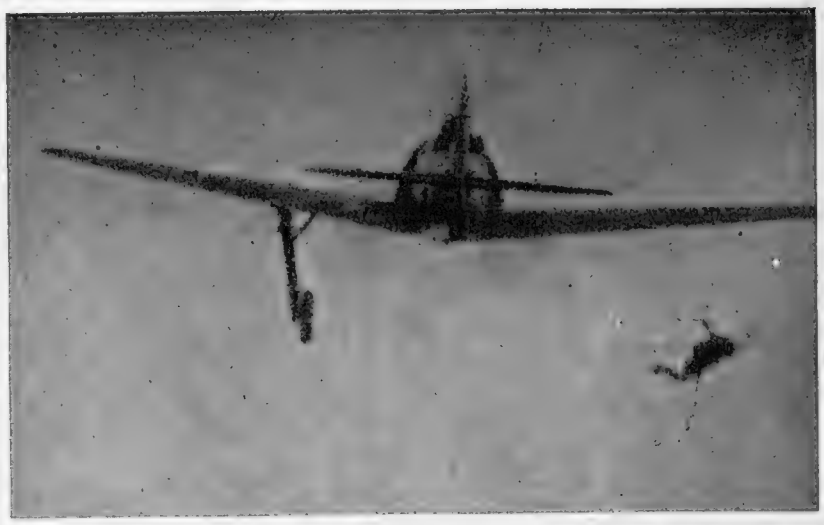
To the naval specialist, the outline and build-up of this huge vessel will at once invite comparison with British vessels of similar tonnage and purpose. In the American capital ship, the overwhelmingly massive construction of the bridge and control-tower amidships differs radically from that of our own battleships; no masts are visible, thus giving a somewhat top-heavy appearance; the bows are flared and overhung; and at the stern the cranes for the aircraft carried aboard are very prominent. Certain aspects of the design are discussed at some length, in Mr. Clatworthy's very comprehensive series of diagrams on the two preceding pages. The New Mexico class consists of three vessels, the other two being the *Idaho* and *Mississippi*: all were laid down in 1915, launched in 1917, and completed during the years 1917-1919. The *Mississippi* is a 33,000-ton ship, the other two are of 33,400 tons. Needless to say, since their completion, all three vessels have been modernised, and their speed raised to 22-23 knots. The principal armament consists of twelve 14-in. guns, and twelve 5-in. guns, with a number of anti-aircraft weapons and smaller guns. The New Mexico class is very heavily armoured, the belt of plate amidships being 14 in. thick; that of the conning-tower and tube is even thicker—16 in. The Somers class destroyer also seen in the above picture, is a vessel of 1,850 tons—one of five completed in 1938. These vessels carry a complement of 198 and have a speed of 37 knots. Each cost five million dollars to build. Their armament consists of eight 5-in. guns and smaller weapons; and they carry twelve 21 in. torpedo tubes

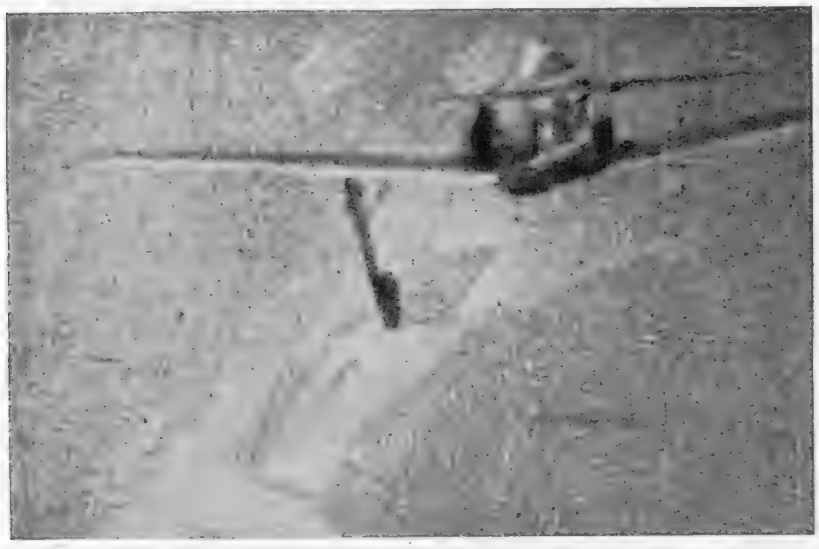
**THE LIGHTLY-ARMOURED, HEAVY CRUISER TYPE, developed by the U.S. Navy during the years 1930-1937 and known as the "Treaty cruisers." This is the "San Francisco," of the Minneapolis class, making 30 knots during her first test**

Under the terms of the Washington Treaty, the size of cruisers became limited to 10,000 tons: this resulted in "tin boxes," in which armour plating had to be sacrificed in order to keep the weight down to 10,000 tons. In the U.S. Navy, the Minneapolis class complied with the Treaty obligations: each of the vessels of this class mounts nine 8-in., eight 5-in., and a number of smaller guns; the speed is 32 knots; and the complement 594. In this class, too, the forecastle has been extended to the second funnel with a slight lowering of the foreboard; the bow form is altered and overhang dispensed with; the bridge has been raised and pole rig substituted for tripods; the anti-aircraft guns have been redistributed; the hangars have been moved aft and extended to the shelter deck. These ships possess better protection than the previous class of U.S. cruisers as the armour has been distributed to better advantage in the new design. The utmost economy has been effected in construction; electric welding having been employed extensively and weight saved in every direction even to the extent of using aluminium paint internally! The 8-in. guns and mountings are of a lighter model and the weight so saved has been put into armour. The cost of each vessel was fifteen million dollars

**THE TRIPOD MASTS OF A RECONSTRUCTED U.S. BATTLESHIP :** This picture of the battleship *Arizona* (claimed by the Japs to have been sunk at Pearl Harbour, but reproduced here because it illustrates in striking fashion the tripod mast adopted by the U.S. from British naval design) was taken after the vessel's reconstruction. Both she and her sister *Pennsylvania* proved to be excellent sea boats, very steady gun platforms and economical ships. Both were extensively reconstructed at a cost of nearly fifteen million dollars : the tripod masts were fitted during reconstruction and the funnel moved farther aft ; bulges and internal protection were increased ; and additional bridges and catapults were fitted

***Below*—A PORTION OF THE MIGHTY U.S. NAVY EXERCISING IN THE CARIBBEAN SEA :** A remarkable aerial picture of ships of the American Fleet seen from above the clouds, like toys lost in puffs of smoke. This was taken during manœuvres on a grand scale just before the outbreak of war, when aircraft-carriers and aircraft combined with the battleships and cruisers in comprehensive Exercises designed to test the efficiency of personnel and equipment. Far below the aeroplane which took this picture are fleecy puffs of cloud, and away to the horizon stretches the illimitable sub-tropic seas





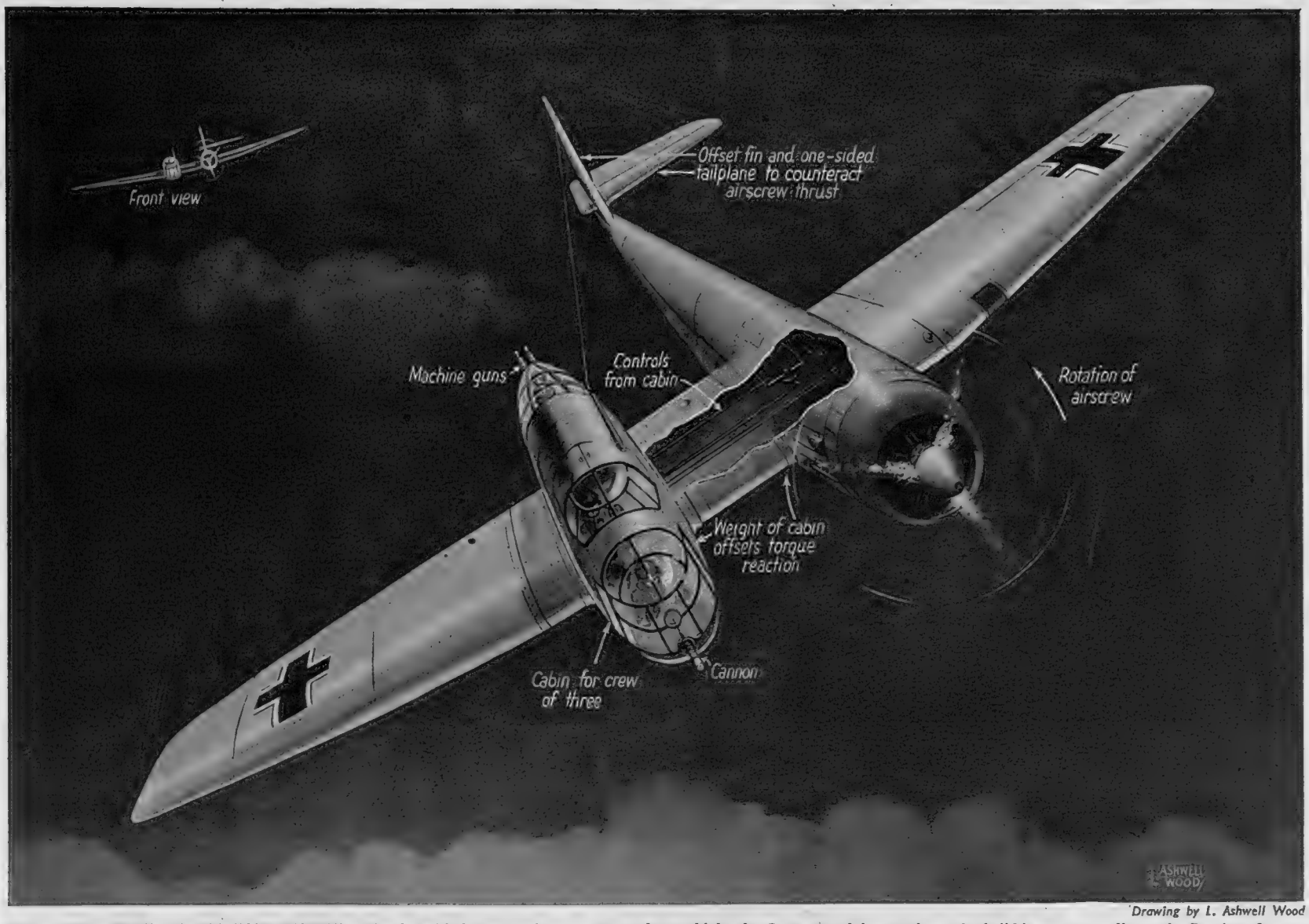
# The END of a GERMAN FIGHTER

An F.W. 190—Germany's Latest and Fastest Fighter—Destroyed in Mid-Air by a British Spitfire

*—A series of pictures taken during the combat by the Spitfire's camera-gun*

**THE R.A.F. PILOT ONLY CLAIMED THIS VICTORY AS A "PROBABLE": but it is doubtful whether an aircraft in such a condition could ever reach home safely!**

How careful the R.A.F. are to avoid over-statement is shown by the report made by Flight Sergeant Robson, a New Zealander, whose gun-coupled camera took this excellent series of pictures of his recent attack on an F.W. 190, Germany's latest and fastest fighter. Robson was flying a Spitfire at 17,000 ft. in the Cap Griz Nez area when he sighted the F.W. 190 and dived straight at it. "I dived on him and gave him two short bursts," said the pilot. "Then I followed him down and gave him the rest of my ammunition. I saw one of the wheels of the Jerry's undercarriage come down, the cockpit hood fly off [as seen in the pictures], and the pilot's helmet come out of the cockpit [also seen in the pictures]. When I last saw the aircraft it was flying at 2,000 ft. with one wing down." The last picture of all shows the F.W. 190 minus its hood




*Drawing by L. Ashwell Wood*

**THE LATEST FREAK OF THE "LUFTWAFFE": The lop-sided reconnaissance monoplane which the Germans claim to have had "big successes" on the Russian front: this is the B.V. (or Blohm and Voss) 141, with engine and controls on the left wing, and cabin for three on the right wing, and only half a tailplane!**

## AN ODDITY from the FATHERLAND—

For some years the Germans were known to be experimenting with various types of lop-sided, or asymmetrical, aircraft: and certain designers in this country, too, have at odd moments displayed a fleeting interest in the idea. The special qualities claimed for such an aircraft are high speed and manœuvrability, both of which, however, remain to be proved.

The Germans have now completed a specimen and have claimed that it has achieved "big successes" on the Eastern Front, although the Russians do not appear to have heard of these yet!

Some years ago the German firm of Hamburger Flugzeugbau took out a patent, in the name of Doctor-Engineer Richard Vogt, for an aeroplane of unorthodox pattern. Dr. Vogt is the designer of the aircraft constructed by the great shipping and aircraft firm of Blohm and Voss. His idea has now proved to be the basis of the queer-looking aircraft illustrated here.

The underlying idea seems to be that an excellent field of vision is given to the crew in their lop-sided cabin away from the slip-stream of the airscrew: this is not possible in any other form of single-engine aircraft. Another interesting feature is that the weight of the cabin offsets the usual torque reaction of the airscrew, which always tends to tilt an aircraft in the opposite direction to that in which the screw is turning. To counteract the one-sided pull of the propeller the tail-fin is offset and the tailplane appears only on one side—half a tailplane, in fact!

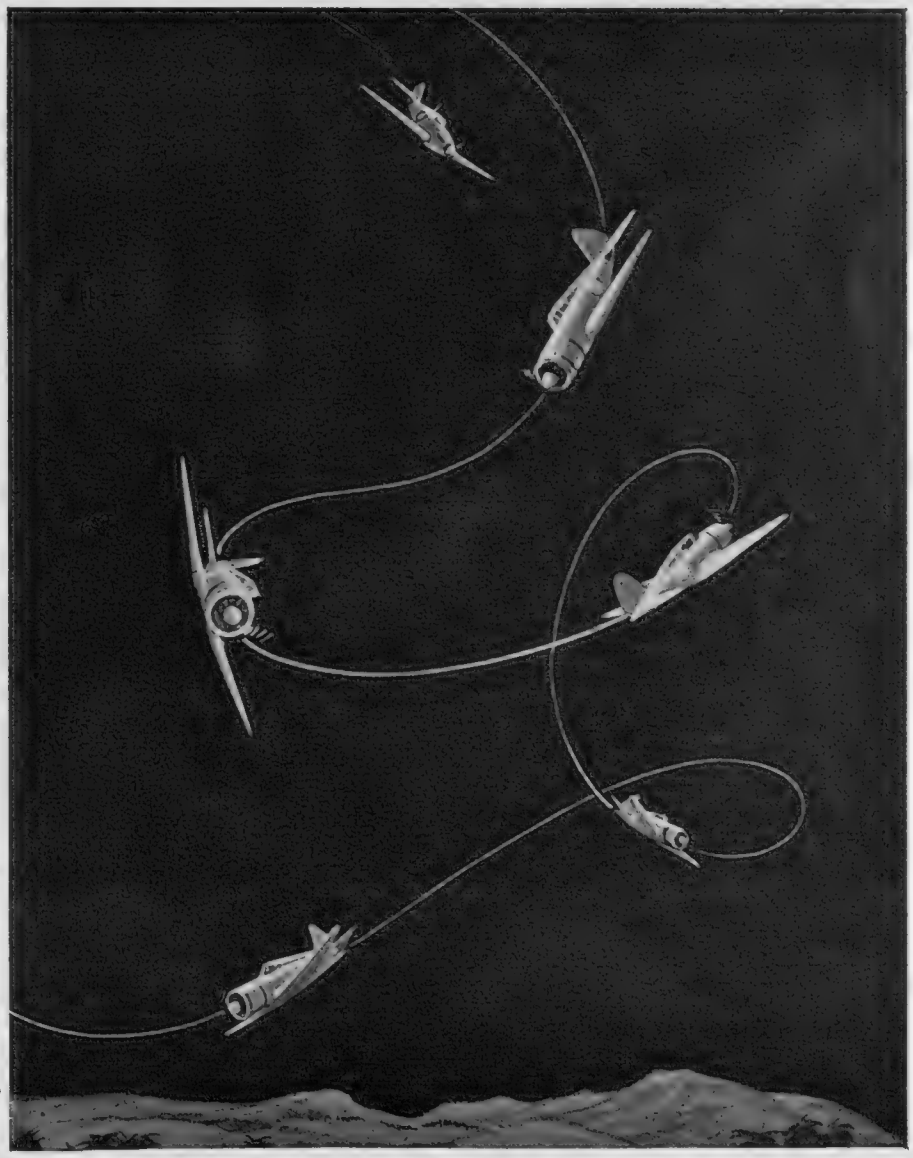
Despite that it has been described as a reconnaissance aeroplane, the B.V.141 carries an armament which includes fixed guns in the nose and a cone turret in the tail: a nine-cylinder radial engine of 1,000 h.p. gives the weird aircraft a maximum speed of about 220 m.p.h. at 17,000 ft.

It is not unlikely that if an R.A.F. pilot should encounter such an aircraft in the sky over here, he will immediately dash off to sign the pledge!

## *On right*—FIGHTING THE JAP AIRMEN—

"If I had to choose between fighting Germans or Japs in a fighter mix-up, I would choose the Germans": so said a veteran Rhodesian pilot who had fought over Britain and in the Mediterranean. The reason for this statement was elaborated as follows: "You could usually tell what the German was going to do. He has a more or less regular fighting technique. The Jap is a more wily bird: you are never quite sure what he is up to. Jap fighters are good pilots—much better than their bomber pilots. They protect their bombers well, but they are astonishingly poor marksmen."

The Jap fighters have no armour: they are designed entirely for speed and manœuvrability. Many of them are capable of well over 300 miles an hour. "One of the favourite tricks of the Jap fighter pilots is to stage a mock dog-fight among themselves. We think some of our fellows are mixing in with them and at first we dived straight in. Now we are more cautious. Another peculiarity of the Japs is that they love fighting low—just off the ground. The reason for this is that their Zero planes are built for maximum efficiency at low altitudes; consequently, they try to get us to mix it just over the tree-tops."



**THE "TRICKINESS" OF THE JAP: Their fighter planes are very manœuvrable, and the pilots like to show off their cleverness in aerobatics during combat**—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

# A BRITISH SUBMARINE IS BLESSED BEFORE SERVICE

**"BLESS THIS SHIP AND ALL THOSE WHO SERVE IN HER. . . ." THE BISHOP RAISES HIS CROZIER AND DEDICATES THE NEWLY-COMMISSIONED VESSEL. A scene in a northern port before the submarine goes into service with the Royal Navy—***A special* **Sphere** *drawing by Edward Osmond*

Recently, in a northern dockyard, a Bishop walked in his robes through the streets to the basin in which lay a newly-built British submarine. He climbed down the hatch; and in the cramped fore end was received by the bareheaded officers and ratings, amongst them the Commanding Officer, who wears the ribbon of the D.S.O. The Bishop, who stands well over 6 ft., smiled when he found that he could barely stand upright among them: he had come to bless them and their ship before they put to sea for their maiden voyage. It was a simple ceremony, punctuated by the sound of riveting in the distance, where men were building more submarines.

When all was ready, the First Lieutenant ordered the ship's company to fall in for Church Parade: the Bishop bent double to get through the bulkhead doorway, whilst the young Sub-Lieutenant carried his crozier. There is no set form for the dedication and commissioning of ships. Each port has its own form of ceremony; and in this port an old Gaelic prayer of 300 years ago is used.

After the ship's company had sung the hymn "Lead Us, Heavenly Father, Lead Us," the Commanding Officer continued with a lesson. Then followed the "bidding," according to the old Gaelic form; and then the Bishop addressed the company. Closing his eyes and raising his crozier until the crook was lost to sight among the pipes and machinery above his head, the Bishop declared: "By virtue of the holy office committed to me, I bless this ship and all those who serve in her. May the Lord safeguard you in all your going forth and your coming in, and bring you to the haven where you would be."

The men's voices took up the hymn "O God, Our Help in Ages Past": this was followed by the Navy's prayer, "O Lord, Eternal God, Who alone spreadest out the heavens and rulest the raging of the sea; Who has compassed the waters with bounds until day and night come to an end . . ." And, finally, the National Anthem.

At the sound of the singing voices from the depths of the submarine, the dockyard workmen paused for a moment from their hammering and riveting, and added their own prayer for the men who, with their lives, were about to bring to fulfilment so many long months of workmanship

**AN EPIC RESCUE BY NIGHT AFTER THE NAVAL BATTLE IN WHICH THREE BRITISH DESTROYERS WERE LOST: "Jervis," having cast off the tow rope, has circled "Jackal" in the darkness and is edging cautiously up to the disabled vessel. Her port engine is going astern to bring her alongside the burning ship and take off her crew**—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

# AIR and SEA WARFARE in the MEDITERRANEAN

*Two recent combats illustrated in special* Sphere *drawings*

As a result of the fiercest air attack yet experienced in the Mediterranean, three out of four British destroyers were lost in the middle of the month after a battle lasting four hours. At least one destroyer went down with her pom-poms blazing: most of the survivors owe their lives to the captain of the *Jervis*, who brought his ship alongside the burning *Jackal* in pitch darkness, enabling some 500 survivors from the three lost destroyers to walk to safety. The *Lively* was hit twice: *Jervis* and *Kipling* stopped to pick up survivors. Two hours later *Kipling* was hit: *Jervis* again picked up many of the survivors. The final wave of aircraft disabled the *Jackal* and she burst into flames: the coming of darkness prevented a further attack. Meanwhile, her crew worked feverishly to keep her afloat, firing off depth-charges and torpedoes to reduce her top weight. The *Jervis* took the *Jackal* in tow, but when the fire became out of control, the *Jervis* edged alongside the crippled vessel and took off her crew and the survivors of the other destroyers in the glow of the flames

**NAZI TROOP-CARRYING PLANES OVER THE MEDITERRANEAN ARE "SHOT DOWN LIKE PARTRIDGES" by Kittihawk fighter aircraft of the R.A.F., which encountered them whilst returning from a morning sweep**—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

On the morning of Tuesday, May 12, a number of Kittihawk fighters were returning from a sweep when they intercepted a formation of Ju. 52 troop-carrying planes at sea. The Ju. 52 is capable of accommodating eighteen fully-equipped men, in addition to a crew of five. Twenty of these huge aircraft made up the formation; thirteen of them were shot down, together with two Me. 110's, for the loss of only one of our planes. So that a total of 234 troops and sixty-five airmen were wiped out amongst the Ju.'s alone! The German planes were flying in brilliant sunshine about 50 ft. over the sea when they were sighted. The R.A.F. fighters immediately went in to attack. In a few moments the first Ju. 52 plunged into the waves. "I have never seen anything like the next fifteen minutes," said one fighter pilot. "One after another, at half-mile intervals, the Ju.'s crashed in flames." Another said that his most vivid impression of the action "was the sight of high columns of black smoke rising from the sea, like a long colonnade, visible at least ten minutes after the engagement had been broken off." Of the engagement, he said: "I hit two planes. I could see the face of the pilot twisted with horror as his machine plunged into the sea, the starboard wing burning. It was like shooting partridges. They left the sea like a beacon, with petrol flaming in pools"

# Their MORALE is EXCELLENT—and no WONDER!

*The Work of "U.S.O. Camp Shows Inc.," which Controls the Entertainment for the American Forces in All Fields: This Article Describes the Steps Taken to Elevate Morale and Gives Relevant Facts and Figures*

By CHARLES GRAVES

IT is always easy to profit by other people's mistakes, and the early tribulations of "Ensa" enabled the Americans to secure a flying start in their organisation for entertaining their Army, Navy, Air Force and Marine Corps troops. It was in November of 1941 that Camp Shows Incorporated got under way in the United States. The American Army, acting through its Morale Branch (*sic!*) has to provide live entertainment for the soldiers in the camps. So must the Navy. The two Services had previously designated the Citizens' Committee for the Army and Navy Inc. as the official organ for this purpose. Any amount of outdoor entertainment was provided. There were mobile units in the East and specially organised shows in the West, and the amusement business contributed free talent as called upon.

It was decided to organise and present in the camps a series of live shows at a small admission charge (not to cover cost) with paid talent to the amount that the limited finances would permit. Talent pools were set up on both sides of the American Continent. Suddenly the amusement industry was asked at short notice to provide stars "for a morale-building entertainment tour" conveyed by Army bomber. Laurel and Hardy and Chico Marx were among the stars. In the management of these camp-shows Eddie Dowling was assisted by Abe Lastfogel, and it is through him that I have secured the following data. He has sent a full report of everything that has been done to raise the morale of the American troops to Mr. Harry Foster, who is President of the Agents' Association in Great Britain, and is also a member of the working committee of the Theatre War Services Council. This Council has been set up inside the theatrical industry to supply first-class shows for the Forces, and has nothing to do with "Ensa" except that the latter distributes the shows.

Abe Lastfogel, as Governing Director of the William Morris Agency in New York, controls any number of stars—from Mickey Rooney and Lana Turner to Eddie Cantor. As a result, the American doughboy is able to see Marlene Dietrich, Judy Garland, Claudette Colbert, Deanna Durbin, the Ritz Brothers, Al Jolson—in fact, almost any star, for a few cents. In this country "Ensa" was seldom able to supply first-class entertainment for the troops.

In the United States the amusement industry, by way of U.S.O. Camp Shows Inc., has handled the situation in a really professional manner. They have two circuits of Army theatres, one of 65 and the other of 160. They have taken advantage of the situation to test out the drawing capacity of various stars, which must be very useful to Hollywood. Realising from the English experiment of "Ensa" that certain of the entertainments for the troops were regarded by the latter more as fatigue parades than entertainment, U.S.O. Camp Shows Inc. decided to sell entertainment to the troops, just as if they were civilians going to their local cinema or theatre. They hired Hal Horne, the best-known publicity man in the United States; advertised in newspapers, magazines, radio and newsreels; and did their best to make the men in the camps want to spend their hard-earned twenty cents for tickets.

It was also part of Hal Horne's job to "keep the actors happy, despite physical hardships, small salaries, etc., and to build up a patriotic desire on the part of the biggest stars to volunteer unpaid services despite inconveniences involved."

Here is a typical letter from a field man (advance publicity agent) to Camp Shows Inc.: "Arrived yesterday morning in fine condition, and a couple of hours later met Harry Howard and his manager, Bob Barry, who seems like an all-right guy, and the entire cast of Beachcomber. Had a talk with Howard, and gave the cast a few pointers on their conduct around the camps. They seem to be a pretty fine bunch, and I believe there won't be any trouble with them. . . ."

Another official states: "We were much impressed when I asked the U.S. officer, 'Will the U.S. Army or U.S. Navy assist us in making changes when we arrive at the theatre?' The question was answered in this manner: 'It depends on who is sent!' He also emphatically stated: 'If you send someone nice, I am sure you will get anything you want. We wish to add that we wish to compliment you on your selection of the Advance Men whom we have had the privilege of meeting. I am sure that they will receive every consideration from the U.S. Army and the U.S. Navy.'"

As early as December 1941 a show for Iceland was contemplated. It was also decided that a community sing-song, aided by the use of lantern-slides of the songs, before the start of any show, would put the men in a more receptive mood for the performances. The box-office statements of some of the camps prove that the receipts of the first eleven shows could be estimated at 200,000 dollars.

And now for one or two individual show reports proving how professionally U.S.O. Camp Shows Inc. treat the situation: "The Navy yard date was swell. From the Commanding Officer to the last man, all raved about the show. A heavy rainstorm all day kept the attendance down to 404 at twenty-two cents. Our stage hands and musicians were served hot meals while 'hanging' the show, and the entire company were fed between shows." "From beginning to end show terrific hit. Boys enjoyed it immensely; no complaints from Morale Officer or Colonel; entire show beautiful and clean." "The show was very clean. The Commanding Officer and the Morale Officer were very pleased, and the show went over extremely big with the boys. The theatre seats only 900, and the Morale Officer called attention to the fact that the show was put on right between pay-days. Under the conditions, the business was extremely good."

After several weeks of experience it was discovered that the troops preferred to pay for shows and know that they were getting something good, instead of attending free ones. Transportation of men to the theatre was a big problem, and several bus companies when approached to furnish transportation, were unwilling to undertake the job. It was also discovered that the troops did not want legitimate plays. "The boys want girls," runs the report, "so Roberts furnishes them girls but keeps his shows clean and allows no double entendre from his performers. Tastes are simple. Comedians and dancers go over remarkably well."

A report on the week's Morale activity dated December 8 to 15, 1941, reads as follows: "The Japanese attack on Hawaii in the Philippines apparently has greatly stimulated Morale among the military and civilian population of the 6th Corps area. Special activities for soldier Morale included an all-Negro cast of superb performers who were enthusiastically received by 1,185 soldiers."

Daily theatrical performance reports include such professional phrases as "Excellent show, wonderful response, weather cold"; "This unit received best audience reaction of any show played here to date"; "Lack of attendance due to military reasons"; "Audience reaction fair, weather cold"; "Excellent reaction to splendid performance, cool and cloudy"; "Very good reception, show half-hour late due to delay in receiving baggage."

By the beginning of this year, U.S.O. Camp Shows Inc. had Committees handling radio programmes, concert artists, motion-picture talent, vaudeville acts, orchestras and bands. The officials are all unpaid (as opposed to "Ensa"), and every star artist in the country was scheduled for performance. When Heifetz appeared, the official report read: "The effect of his playing on the boys seemed to give them an inspiring uplift. I believe those present forgot their camp surroundings and were really transported into an entirely different world."

The report from Captain Wallace C. Ford covering the personal tour of Mickey Rooney at Port Bragg in North Carolina provides a final answer to American morale. He writes: "On arrival of the party at noon, they were taken to the hotel for a short time. A crowd of more than 15,000 assembled and made it actually dangerous and difficult to get to the hotel. This was overrun; the lobby, all hallways, and streets were filled with the milling throng. Not a moment was lost. The entire station was covered, and Mickey appeared in all areas. He visited the men on the rifle range, the firing lines of big guns, mess halls, and every hospital ward where it was possible to visit the men. He endeared himself to every soldier on the post. He signed thousands of autographs, posed for innumerable pictures with the men, ate with them, lived with them, and fired rifles with them, and in general made himself more popular than ever. All officers endeavoured wherever possible to stay in the background to play up the men. This proved to be pleasing to the men and they certainly had their day."

**THIS IS COLONEL DARRYL ZANUCK,** American film producer and one of the most important figures in the film world. He has been given a commission as Colonel in the U.S. Army Signal Corps, and is now in London to establish co-operation between Britain, the United States and Russia in the production of training films

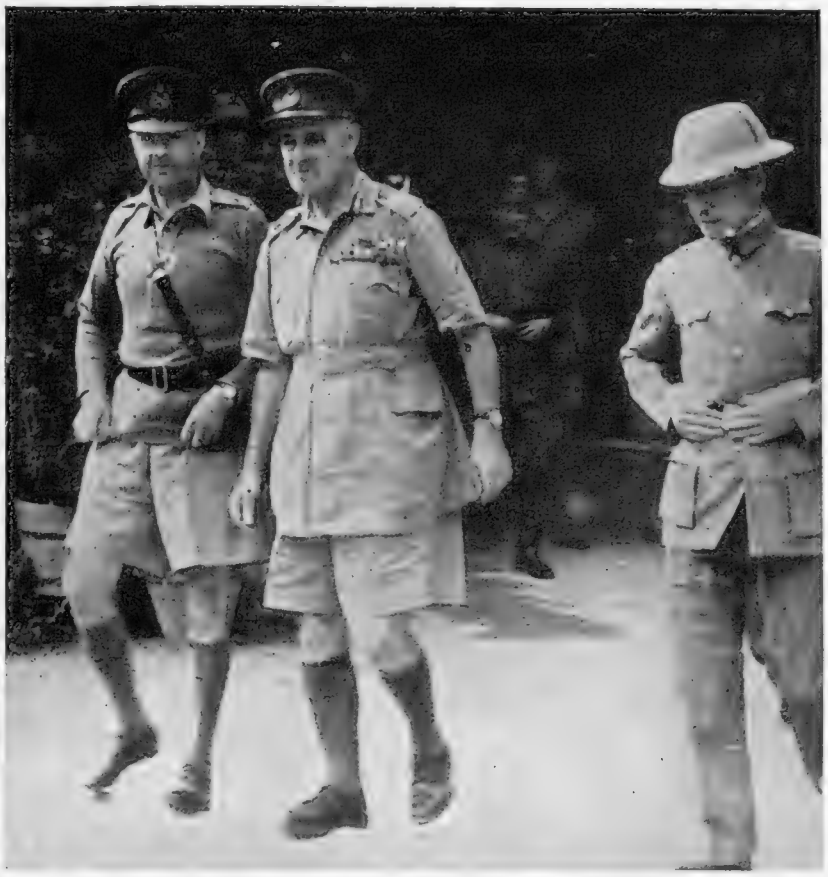
**MORE AMERICAN TROOPS ARRIVE IN NORTHERN IRELAND, after a safe journey by convoy across the Atlantic. This picture well illustrates the new "pudding basin" type of steel helmet with which the U.S. Army is now provided**

**U.S. STEEL HELMET AT SEA: A helmeted "gun director" telephoning his orders to the gun crews on a U.S. warship**

# A GLANCE BACK at MALAYA and BURMA

*The Latest Views to Reach Britain of These Two Campaigns*

THE CHINESE TROOPS WHICH CAME TO OUR AID IN BURMA : A patrol, led by a standard-bearer, setting out in the Tounggoo sector—a picture taken by a British Newsreel operator during the campaign



AT CHINESE ADVANCED HEADQUARTERS : Lieut.-General H. Alexander, G.O.C. in Burma ; General Sir Archibald Wavell, in Supreme Command ; and General Tu Lee Ming, in command in the Tounggoo sector

FROM MALAYA : A belated picture, just issued by the Ministry of Information, which shows a Japanese tank after it had been put out of action by anti-tank gunfire. Note the solid construction of this Jap engine of war!

AN AUSTRALIAN ANTI-TANK GUN firing at point-blank range on Jap tanks in an up-country road in Malaya. The crew of this gun had already smashed six tanks when the above picture was taken

THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER attends a British Embassy reception in his honour in Cairo : with Sir Miles and Lady Lampson

THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER GREETS DOCTOR NIMR, proprietor of the well-known Cairo newspaper "El Mokattam" : On April 25, the Duke of Gloucester, now on special duty in the Middle East, attended a reception given in his honour in Cairo by Sir Miles Lampson, British Ambassador, in the Embassy gardens. Prince Mohammed Aly, the Egyptian Premier, and other Ministers, as well as many prominent Egyptians and British residents in Egypt, were present

# MEMORIES OF FIFTY YEARS—

## An Experiment in Autobiography—XI

By J. G.

**LITTLE BOOKS.**—Though now launched on a congenial career and a means of earning a modest livelihood, tradition still remained too strong to be entirely broken down. Parental suspicion of writing as a safe or respectable career continued for a year or two longer to deter me from putting all my counters on the pen. I did not sever all connection with business. A friend was willing to pay me a small salary for looking after his interests in a little commercial undertaking which he had financed, and I spent two or three hours a day discharging these duties as well as I could. But the rest of the working day I was able to devote—with his knowledge and consent—to writing, and for those personal wares there was no lack of markets.

I continued to write many articles and began to turn out books, on publishers' commissions. Little books; reprints of newspaper articles arranged on some definite plan, books on Old London and the English country scene, and, more important, a first trembling excursion into the realm of biography which was to become the chief field for such harvest as I was to garner.

From family letters and papers I essayed and completed a very short and ingenuous account of the career of my paternal grandfather—a career which, as I have said, was devoid neither of interest nor of romance. This small effort brought on my head a great deal of trouble. I was caught (inexplicably) in a severe storm in the domestic teapot.

The little sketch unfortunately (in manuscript; for there was no design to publish it then) was read by near and remoter relations and caused a deal of friction and head-shakings. It is too trivial a matter to enlarge upon. It is interesting only on two heads. The sketch, almost exactly as originally written, later formed the first part of a larger sketch of my uncle, the Bishop, and of his father, and it was, beyond any dispute, this little book which brought me such success as I have attained in biography. It secured me the two biggest commissions for biographies which I ever received, as a result of the approval of Lord Ernle and later on of a still higher authority.

Reading to-day its innocent and ingenuous narrative, I get a good idea of the astonishing change which has been brought about in twenty years in the old-fashioned prejudice against the publication of family papers of mild interest to the social historian. My small effort was received in my family circle in 1925 with all the shock and horror which attended the publication of Greville's memoirs in 1872! When the storm died down, at long last the way was open to the career I had always wished to pursue, and I treasure the words which my father (whose opinion I greatly valued and always sought) wrote in his own copy of the little book: "I would not have *one word altered.*" The reflection remains: Prejudice dies hard.

**"The Newsletter."**—About this time died Clement Shorter, who had made a great feature of his first page article in THE SPHERE. The Editor of that (now more than ever) firmly established Illustrated Weekly invited me to take over this feature. It was not without doubt, as it was not without pride, that I considered the proposition and at last closed with the offer.

Glancing back over the files of those early numbers, I smile at my first beginnings and experimental flights, and remember the "sweat and blood" they cost me. The trick of journalism is learned at last (and indeed, I fear, becomes too easy). The first steps are hardest, and I remember with gratitude the Editor's toleration—and faith.

I am glad to record as an achievement, and as proof of *my* luck and *his* generosity, that, during the sixteen or seventeen very troublous years which have followed that number to which I first contributed *The Newsletter*, I have never in the last fifteen years missed a single week or taken a week's holiday from the work, and that the total sum of words poured out in the pages of THE SPHERE by my industrious (but, I fear, often copying and reiterative) pen now exceeds two million. An awful confession! I cannot complain if you, gentle reader, describe it as a criminal confession. There it is! Criminal or merely curious, it is the naked truth. It was not all plain sailing, this weekly journalism from an arm-chair; it was not accomplished without "dust and heat."

**THE PUBLICAN OF THE BEVERLIE INN AT CANTERBURY:** Serving at the bar at this old Tudor Inn is Mr. E. G. Wood, who is unique amongst the publicans of Britain. The inn was originally the house of the Parish Clerk attached to the historic Cathedral. When it was converted into an inn, the church authorities in control of the premises made it a condition of the tenancy that the licensee must also accept the office of parish clerk and sexton. Mr. Wood not only gets the inn rent free, but he is paid a penny a day for winding the church clock and thirteen and fourpence a year for keeping Sir Roger Manwood's tomb clean—as well as fees as clerk and sexton!

**A PUBLIC HOUSE BECOMES A CHILDREN'S CLUB:** The Camel public house in Globe Road, Bethnal Green, damaged by bombs, is to become a club for the children of war-workers living in the neighbourhood. The opening hours begin when school closes until bedtime. Voluntary women workers from the offices of the "Save the Children Fund" have been redecorating and preparing the former public house for its new functions

Once or twice during the blitz on London, my copy was lost or mislaid in the post, and I still sweat to remember occasions when I improvised the week's copy afresh over a long-distance telephone, practically inaudible and constantly interrupted, at dictation speed to an overwrought shorthand writer! Those are memories which will not fade, even when the war is over!

**Rescued Novels.**—"Literature," meanwhile, went hand in hand with journalism. My "little books" succeeded one another in the last years of the 1920's. *A Londoner's Calendar*, largely a reprint of newspaper articles, came from *Chapman and Hall*, and from Eyre and Spottiswoode, commissioned by my friend, P. V. Cave, two little guide books to London and the English countryside, *The Way In* and the *Ghosts of Fleet Street*. I cannot say that any of them contained much that was new in the way of discovery, but they all had a small measure of success. Another literary undertaking which gave me pleasure and profit was put in my way by the new firm of Elkin Mathews and Marrot—the rediscovery of lost *masterpieces* among Victorian novels for their *Rescue Series*. I shall always be glad to have secured the revival of Miss Emily Eden's two delightful novels, the *Semi-Attached Couple* and *Semi-Detached House* (the former went through three editions in 1927), and Lady Augusta Noel's grand story, *From Generation to Generation*. When editing the last named, first published in 1879, I was able to consult Lady Augusta's husband, who was then ninety-eight, and could boast of a father-in-law (Lord Albemarle) who fought at Waterloo.

When Miss Eden's second novel came to be republished, I gladly resigned the job of writing an introduction to it into the worthy hands of her kinsman, our present Foreign Secretary, who had expressed his interest in the revival.

**A Country Life.**—By this time, I had married and was the father of a family, and after a year or so of married life, we felt justified in disposing of our London house and settling down in the country, a life which we both preferred.

At first I went up regularly to London twice a week and until the war never failed to see my copy through the press.

A man who writes as a profession probably thinks about what he will write for six or more hours every day, but he cannot, for long at a time, drive his quill for more than four hours a day. Trollope, most methodical and industrious of writers, put the maximum as low as three hours.

There was plenty of time in the week to pursue rural industries.

**Seeing the Seasons Through.**—I lived forty-three years in London before I succeeded in combining bread-winning and country life. It was not until the first World War that I discovered a great (if, for countrymen, open) secret that there are no fixed seasons, spring, summer, autumn and winter. I picked primroses under the woodstacks in December in many blasted copses on the Somme. It is always spring or autumn in the woods, and I have never since that discovery passed a fine day in London without a sense of discontent. Yet here in the country there are blighting days in March and April when Mother Earth's period of gestation seems as long and painful as the elephant's.

There is much that is pathetic in the spectacle of a middle-aged Cockney turned gardener. Never having possessed the power of concentration, my memory ceased to work when the wax surface hardened in puberty. A hundred times I ask the name of some common flower and a hundred times my mind has wandered to other matters before the answer comes. I was humiliated when my four-year-old daughter used to set me right concerning larkspur, delphinium and catmint.

Yet I never admit to being a Cockney. In forty years I doubt if I passed as many Sundays in London—so eager was I to leave the streets for the open country. On the other hand, I cannot claim to be a countryman, having no powers of observation. I have spent whole days by the score in woods and meadows and beside rivers, I have shot all sorts of small game for thirty years, yet know to-day almost as little of the lore of nature, as little of the art of venery, as when I went out with my uncle's old keeper in pursuit of my first rabbit.

**(The next article in this series will be published in the issue of June 13)**

# THE BRITAIN WE FIGHT FOR . . . .

**AN ENGLISH FARMSTEAD IN THE CHILTERNS NEAR WEST WYCOMBE, a quiet country scene which typifies for most of us the land we hold so dear :** When a member of the English-speaking peoples thinks of the Homeland, it is not castles or mansions which his mind conjures up, but the memory of quiet scenes such as those above and on the right. In farmsteads and villages like these countless generations of Englishmen have lived and worked, taking pleasure in simple things—in green fields, leafy trees, drowsy cattle, old dwelling-places, gardens : but when the Call comes not a man hesitates to spring to the defence of such things which, together, comprise—Home !

**TRAPPING THE PERCH OF LAKE WINDERMERE :** Extensive trapping has been going on in the Lake District, where the many stretches of water have provided a rich haul of food. When the fish are taken from the traps, they are sent to Leeds in boxes for canning

**THE VILLAGE OF LATIMER, a dainty architectural gem set in the Buckinghamshire hills, typical of the leafy beauty of the Home Counties of England**

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

# AN AMERICAN COLONEL LOOKS at the WAR

*Essays on Persons, Plays and Places by Alan Dent; Colonel Kernan, Champion of All-out Attack; A Woman's Impressions of Russia at War; The Plays of William Saroyan*

IN his Foreword to Mr. Alan Dent's book of essays, Sir Max Beerbohm thanks him "for the shiningly good example this book would have set me if it had been published when I was as young as you still are. I should have been taught to cultivate what I, as a writer of critical articles in the old *Saturday Review*, persistently neglected: the art of modesty. You never push yourself forward. You merge yourself in your theme. You wish that your reader shall share your pleasure in good work that you admire, and shall incidentally learn from you just why it is admirable. My own wish was that the reader should admire *me*." And it served me right that, so far as I am aware, he didn't."

However justly one protests at that last sentence, and doubts whether the inimitable Sir Max was ever in need of the example of another writer, one applauds him, as so often before, for having found the exact quality in the work he is discussing that distinguishes it, yet that may be elusive in itself. PRELUDES AND STUDIES (Macmillan. 12s. 6d.) is certainly the book of a man with the gift of merging himself in his theme, and it is also, to quote this august critic further, the work of a man with a "rare gift for writing."

Mr. Dent has divided his essays into three groups; Persons, Plays and Places, of which the first two overshadow the last only because of their acuter interest. As dramatic critic of the *Manchester Guardian* the author's "notices" have always been extremely perceptive and stimulating, and some of them, read at more leisure than a daily newspaper suggests to most of us, are valuable additions to our own theatrical memories, if we have them, and if we have not, discerning and witty essays in theatrical criticism.

In *The Gielgud Temperature Chart*, for instance, Mr. Dent has recalled ten of those productions, at least six of them memorable, which from 1935 to 1941 proved the virility of the English stage. His appreciation of Gielgud's Lear, which gave one an unforgettably heartening evening in that black April of 1940, is one of the best of these, and so, equally, is that deadly review which begins: "There was not a wet eye in the house . . . throughout Mr. Gielgud's revival of *Dear Brutus* this afternoon at the Globe."

Sir Max Beerbohm refers to himself as having been not so much stage-struck as stage-sick, but Mr. Dent, by enjoying as well as studying the theatre, should make, if not converts to his opinion, at least a very great number of new readers whose appreciation of a thing well written is as keen as his own appreciation of a thing well said.

One of the books-of-the-moment in America has recently been published here. DEFENCE WILL NOT WIN THE WAR (Heinemann. 6s.) is very short, very apposite and, although written by a regular soldier, Lieut.-Colonel W. F. Kernan, of the U.S. Army, not at all respectful to brass-hats. However unversed one is in military matters, this is a book that can be read and understood by everyone. It is also a book that will provoke the most passionate argument among the armchair strategists.

Roughly, and very briefly, the three points that Colonel Kernan makes are these. He believes that sea power is indecisive without land power. He holds defensive land power to be doomed, and in this connection he drives home the hard lessons of France, Manila and Singapore. He believes that offensive land power can only be effective by disposing great forces, these to include air forces, in what he calls a continental theatre, and from this he deduces that war, from America's point of view, must be taken to the East, and not to the West. That is, that "land power," to be decisive, must be used in a theatre where it can be employed offensively for the absolute defeat of the Axis."

If Hitler's stratagem is to lead America to concentrate on defensive action against Japan, that is all the more reason why Europe should be the scene, and Hitler the object, of a major land offensive. Colonel Kernan's choice of a starting-point for such a venture is Italy, though his reasons for this are not entirely watertight.

But the chief interest of this book lies not so much in the specific recommendations it makes, as in its effort to demonstrate that neither production, nor statesmanship, nor slogans nor a war of attrition are enough in this struggle. Only offence will win this war for the United Nations, as defence has so far lost it for them. There is the contention that will make for the discussions on what most of us believe to be the most immediate question of our present lives.

Colonel Kernan pulls no punches, and his last chapter, on the dangers of warfare by committee, is a spirited indictment of the political as opposed to the military idea. He instances the relative positions of Clemenceau and Foch, "the last of the great captains" in the closing stages of the last war to illustrate this. "We can still," he writes, "take clean, unsullied delight in Foch's classic reply to the emissary of Clemenceau who demanded to know his plans for future operations: 'Tell M. Clemenceau that if he would know what I am going to do the day after to-morrow he must come back to-morrow'."

**A NATIONAL DUTY**

**WASTE PAPER SALVAGE is a wartime duty, in which everyone must participate**

**Let each of us do our part now!**

**VISITORS FROM ALLIED NATIONS INSPECT BRITAIN'S MOST FAMOUS SCHOOL:** Representatives from eleven Allied Nations have just paid a visit to Eton College, where they were shown the working of the educational system, the various phases of recreation, and the war work being undertaken by the boys in residence. Some of them are here seen outside the school buildings with the Headmaster (Mr. C. A. Elliott, in cap and gown, in the centre), Lieut.-Colonel Sir Thomas Cook, M.P. (Liaison Officer to the Allied Forces), and with senior boys who acted as guides to the party

**LONDON'S FIRST WOMAN DIPLOMAT:** Senorita Teresa Rosa Durland, newly-arrived Attaché at the Cuban Legation

In the latter half of 1941 Mrs. Charlotte Haldane visited Russia, where, with Moscow as a constant base, she made expeditions towards the front between Vyasma and Smolensk, and returned to England by way of Archangel. It was in that port of such vital meaning to this phase of the war that Mrs. Haldane began to set down her impressions of the Soviet Union at war, which have now been published as RUSSIAN NEWSREEL (Secker and Warburg. 10s. 6d.).

I don't know why it should have surprised me that Mrs. Haldane's style should be so colloquial, but I was, in fact, quite unprepared for the cheerful use of "Gosh!" and the fact that "Mr. J. was given quite a turn" gave me quite a turn too.

What I had expected, and found in abundance, was Mrs. Haldane's keen appreciation of everything that was fine and free about the Russian spirit, and here one sympathises wholeheartedly, even taking in one's stride such statements as that "there is no sex antagonism in Russia." Mrs. Haldane was the friendliest and the most communicative of observers, and her book reflects all her warm interest in the most trivial details of Russian life. Four of the best photographs used as illustrations are by Miss Margaret Bourke-White. You can tell that they are the best because they are in focus.

The irrepressible Mr. William Saroyan has not only a preface but an introduction of equal length *and* a note to the volume in which three of his best-known plays are published. He is a writer who, as his publishers scarcely needed to remind us, has faith in himself, and is not afraid to say so. His style, indeed, proclaims it.

THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE (Faber and Faber. 8s. 6d.) is my own choice for the best of his plays up to date—he will quite certainly write another dozen or so—and reading it here after having had the fortune to see it acted is an interesting experience, since it reveals another of Mr. Saroyan's characteristics: what he does he does with complete absorption. Here he was writing for the stage, and this play acted well. On the other hand, it reads quite flatly, which none of his short stories ever do, whatever shortcomings one may attribute to them.

When Mr. Saroyan writes, in a further note, "I read *Lady Windermere's Fan* when I was fourteen, and the same day wrote a very good play in imitation of that worldly and brilliant style. It didn't seem right for me, however," he is writing no more than the truth, and it is a truth, like all personal revelations, which fascinates him.

Saying that Mr. Saroyan is a law unto himself is not quite enough. Or to say that he is the *enfant terrible* of American letters, though this must be his dearest distinction. He is these things, and something more. He is a man who has written some excellently vivid short stories, and who will one day write the best play on the New York or San Francisco stage.

*The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export*

## THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

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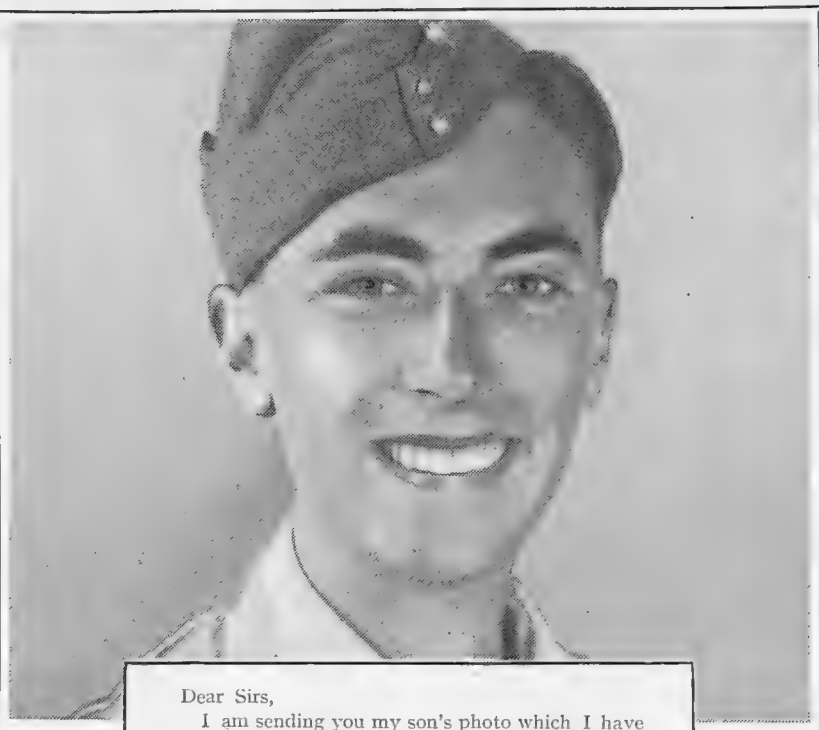

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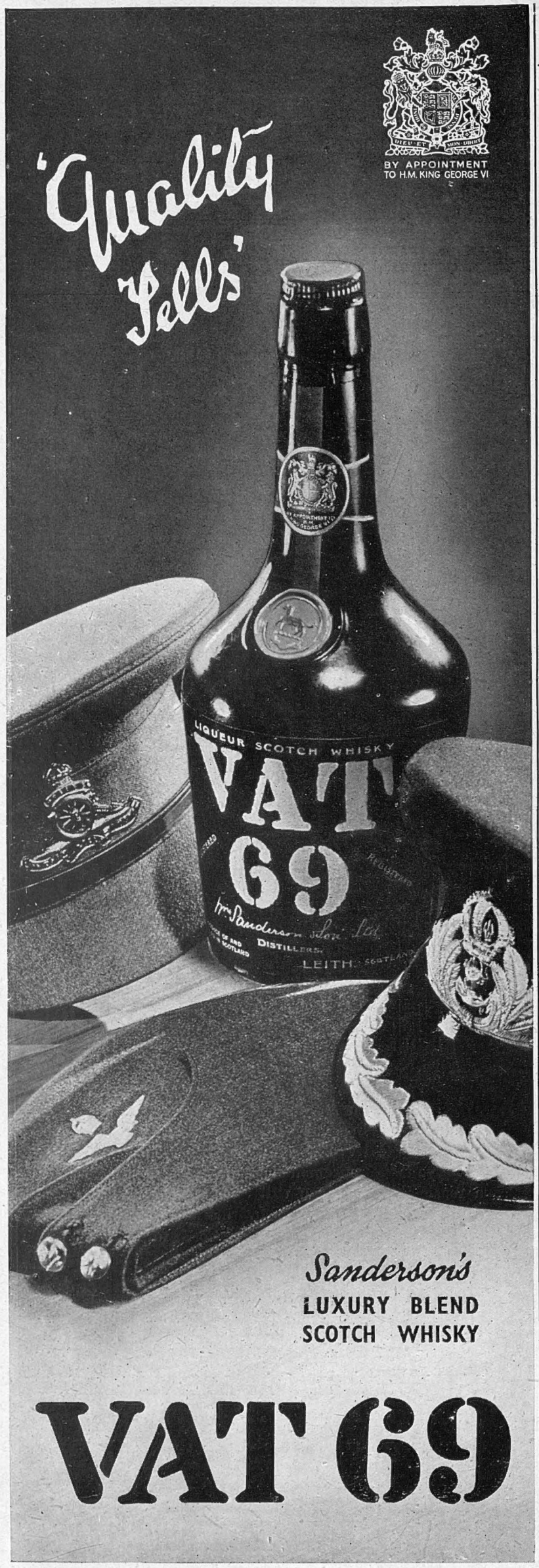


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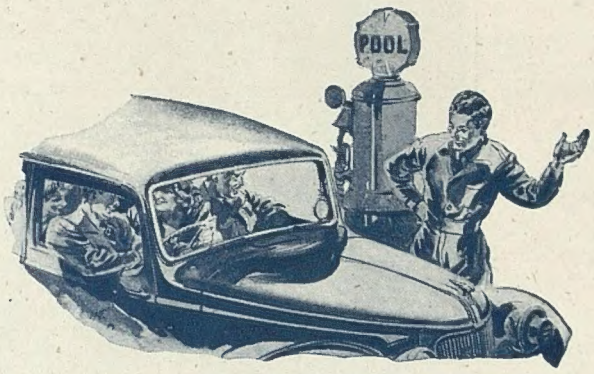


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*You* can't work if your system's choked.
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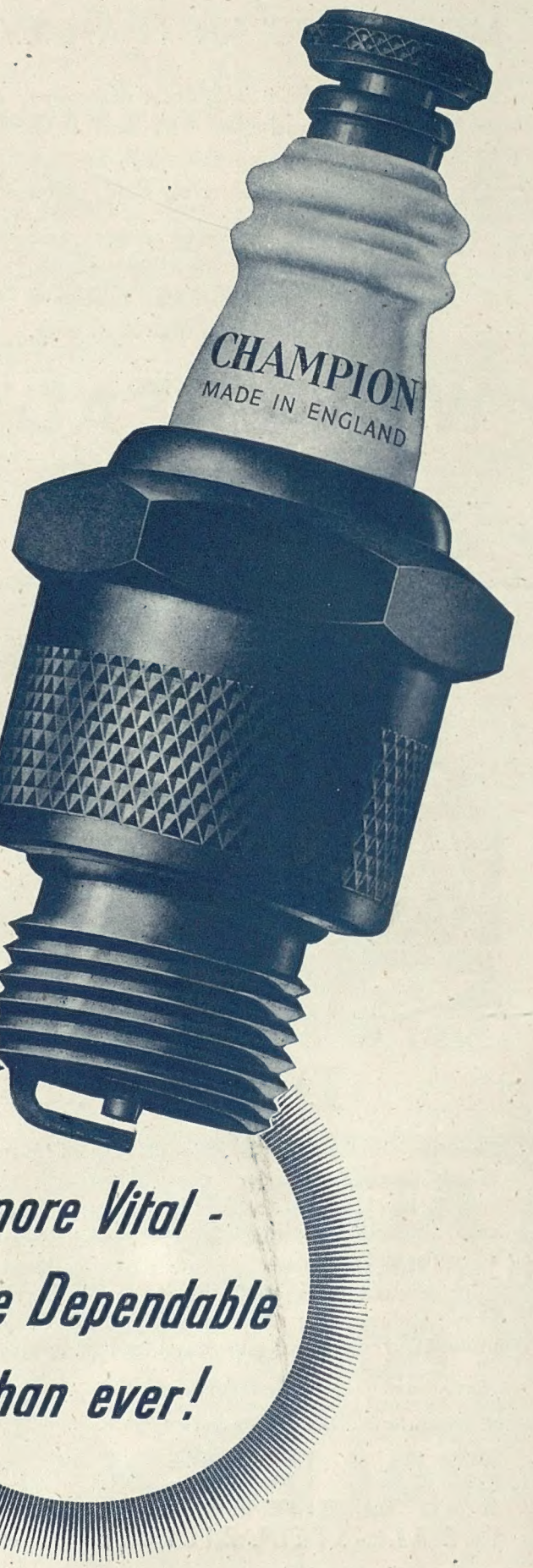


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